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The BYSTANDER

Art Literature & the Drama.

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LORD LONDONDERRY

THE FIRST SIGNATORY OF THE ULSTER COVENANT

There were impressive scenes in Belfast on Saturday last, Ulster Day, when Sir Edward Carson, under the dome of the City Hall, was the first to sign the Solemn League and Covenant, which includes the following sentence: "And in the event of a Parliament being forced upon us, we further solemnly and mutually pledge ourselves to refuse to recognise its authority." The photograph shows Sir Edward signing the parchment with the silver pen, and Lord Londonderry is seen waiting to add his signature. Some 40,000 people signed in the City Hall alone on Saturday

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PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THE BAD LORD LOCKINGTON. By Florence Warden. (John Long: 6s.)
THINGS AS THEY ARE. By Mrs. E. K. Williamson. (John Long: 6s.)
THE MAGNETIC GIRL. By R. Marsh. (John Long: 6d.)
THE MATHESON MONEY. By F. Warden. (John Long: 6d.)
THE LOVE AFFAIRS OF THE CONDÉS. By Noel Williams. (Methuen: 15s. net.)
SIXTY YEARS OF A SOLDIER'S LIFE. By Sir Alfred E. Turner. (Methuen: 12s. 6d. net.)
HOW TO PLAY GOLF. By Harry Vardon. (Methuen: 5s. net.)
SECRET MEMORIES OF THE REGENCY. By C. Duclos. (Greening: 5s. net.)
THE KEY TO YESTERDAY. By C. Neville Buck. (Greening: 6s.)

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

ON VARIOUS TOPICS

OF THE TIMES

"The World's mine oyster
Which I with PEN will open"
—PISTOL *(modified)*

Incredible!

"The time for talking is drawing to a close."

No, no. Despite the fact that it appears in the *Daily Mail*, and that it comes from Belfast, I find it impossible to accept *that* statement.

* * *

Where are the Molly Maguires?

The significant fact about the Ulster crisis is the strange silence of the Molly Maguires. What has become of the tyrannical oppressors and the traitorous conspirators? Surely, if there were ever a time for showing themselves in all their brutal ferocity, now would be that time? Instead, the ruffians seem to be looking on merely amused. THE BYSTANDER takes leave to warn them that good-humour is out of place in an Irish Nationalist. He is the villain, not the comedian, of the Home Rule melodrama, and unless he promptly resumes his proper rôle Mr. Asquith's whole expensive production will be a failure.

* * *

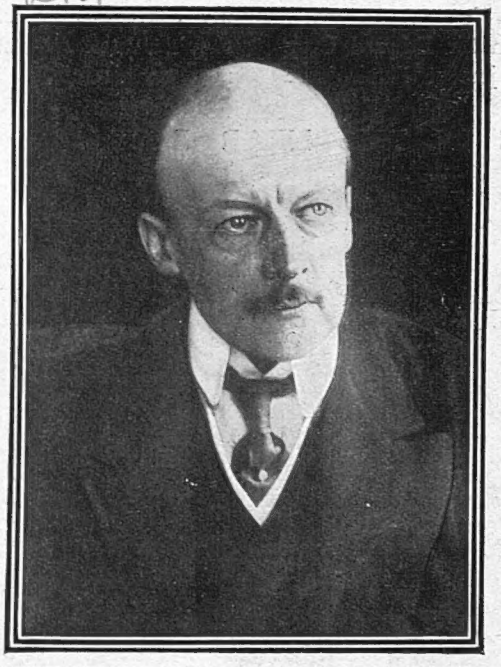
Wanted, More Crisps!

One is exceedingly pleased with Mr. Birch Crisp, the man who negotiated the Chinese loan, as one would be with any other man who, with his own unaided hand, foiled that organised tyranny known as the Six Great Powers. Mr. Crisp, having helped China to the money she wanted to borrow, from the people whom she wanted to lend it to her, we now want other Birch Crisps to arise. One of them is wanted to replace Mr. Morgan Shuster in Persia, and, without the aid of our Foreign Office, to continue that gentleman's excellent work. Another is wanted at Sofia to help Bulgaria drive the Turk out of Macedonia, in which our precious Foreign Office is at present trying to keep him.

* * *

And Once Again

As to that question, THE BYSTANDER'S sympathies are precisely where they were exactly four years ago. On October 5, 1908, King Ferdinand proclaimed himself an independent monarch, and took the title, Tsar Bulgarsky. Ours was the *only journal in the United Kingdom* to tender congratulations and sympathy. That being the case, if Bulgaria now intends to make another move forward, and to endeavour to expel finally the Turk from Europe, we shall once again raise our hat and wish her victory.



COUNT BERCHTOLD—AUSTRIAN FOREIGN MINISTER

Rather the Man of the Moment on the Continent of Europe. His speech last week caused pessimism, because it laid so little stress on Austria's intention to preserve the peace, and thereby gave encouragement to the Balkan States, with whom Austria is doubtless in agreement

* * *

A Prophecy Fulfilled

Our prophecy—in our issue of June 26—that Baron Marschall von Bieberstein would never take up his residence at Carlton House Terrace has been fulfilled in a grimly unexpected fashion. At the time, our view was that the Baron's "mission" was likely to be a short, sharp, and decisive one, and to that we adhere, despite what has happened. The state of the Ambassador's health—that he had heart trouble—was well enough known to his Imperial master, and there is little doubt that the mission was to be one last final attempt to bring about an Anglo-German *rapprochement*.

* * *

Bagdad as the Stumbling Block

There was one subject above all others to be discussed, and that was the Bagdad Railway — naturally one to the Baron's taste, seeing that it is the child of his own diplomatic creation while at Constantinople. Marschall was to "see it through" by gaining British consent to the railway having access to certain ports on the Red Sea. Obviously, that consent was not obtained, and that being the case, when the Baron left for Baden it was rumoured that he might not return to London. I may add that the decorations at the German Embassy have been proceeding with truly diplomatic leisure, and are, as a matter of fact, still going on.

* * *

The Kaiser's Uniform—A Correction

It appears that a BYSTANDER correspondent was in error in referring to the uniform worn by the Kaiser on his arrival in Switzerland as that of the Swiss Republican Guard. He was misled by the extraordinary similarity between the uniform—which was really that of the "Garde Schützen-Bataillon, gross-Lichterfelde"—and that of the Swiss Guard. It certainly would have been a breach of custom had the Kaiser gone to the length of complimenting the Republic by assuming a Republican uniform: still, the Kaiser is the Kaiser, and one never knows.

Why Did Mr. Law Go to Balmoral?

Mr. Law at Balmoral

Why, asks a well-informed correspondent, did Mr. Law go to Balmoral? and proceeds to answer his own question as follows: "As a result of the Grey-Sazonoff Conferences, England is about to embark on a Continental policy which will only be undertaken with the knowledge that it will be the policy of the whole nation, to be continued by the Opposition when it comes into power. The policy is undoubtedly a hard and fast *alliance* by land and sea with Russia and France."

***

Reluctant Acceptance

I am obliged by the "tip." All I have to say is that I expect Mr. Bonar Law has given his consent reluctantly to any such plan, for in one of his first speeches as Leader he made it emphatically clear that he looked forward to, and believed in, the possibility of friendship with Germany. The new Triple Alliance would banish that prospect to the *ewigkeit*.

***

Persia Interested in Persian Affairs!

The recent discussions between Sir Edward Grey and M. Sazonoff on the subject of Persia have been watched with interest—would you believe it?—in Persia. This concern of the Persians as to their own future, whether they are to be ruled by England, Russia, themselves, or the ex-Shah, is, however, only natural. Suppose it were ourselves, and a conference were taking place at Blagovestchenk between M. Sazonoff and Yuan-Shih-Kai as to whether our islands should be divided between Russia and China or whether the Stuarts should be restored? Should we not be interested? Who knows, there might even be something in the London papers about it, if Sir Edward Carson happened at the time not to be making himself too interesting!

***

The Holiday Reading Problem

Considering that the times are really rather serious ones, the papers are to be commended for the excellent way in which they have contrived to keep up a Silly Season atmosphere. The *Morning Post* has actually started a controversy on "Holiday Reading," and a number of notabilities have informed my contemporary what they read while away. I should myself suggest that the literary tastes of a man on his holiday are precisely the same as they are at any other time, only more so. He reads the books of the kind he would like to read in the ordinary way. A lover of Blue Books down at, say, Brighton, needs more Blue Books; also red, white, yellow, and crimson books. A devourer of philosophy will, while at Margate, seek to obscure himself more than ever in the mists of metaphysics; while, to go to the other extreme, a faithful supporter of *The Pink 'Un* while at Margate might be compelled to buy also —*Town Topics*.

***

The Same as When at Home

A holiday is not, as some of the *Post's* correspondents seem to allege, a kind of miracle which knocks the spots off the literary leopard. The idea that a person on holiday is in any way less interested in his specialities, or less critical as to the way in which they are written about, is a fallacy. At no time is an Editor, for instance, more liable to have criticisms from "Mother of Schoolgirls" or "Reader from No. 1" than while he is at——. No! Nothing will induce us to say where we spend *our* holiday.

THE TROUBLE IN THE NEAR EAST

Ultimatums, mobilisations, coalitions are the order of the day in the Near East. Will it be war at last, or will this crisis end as usual in smoke—from the hookah of the Unshakable Turk?

(By E. T. Reed)

The Trouble in the Near West

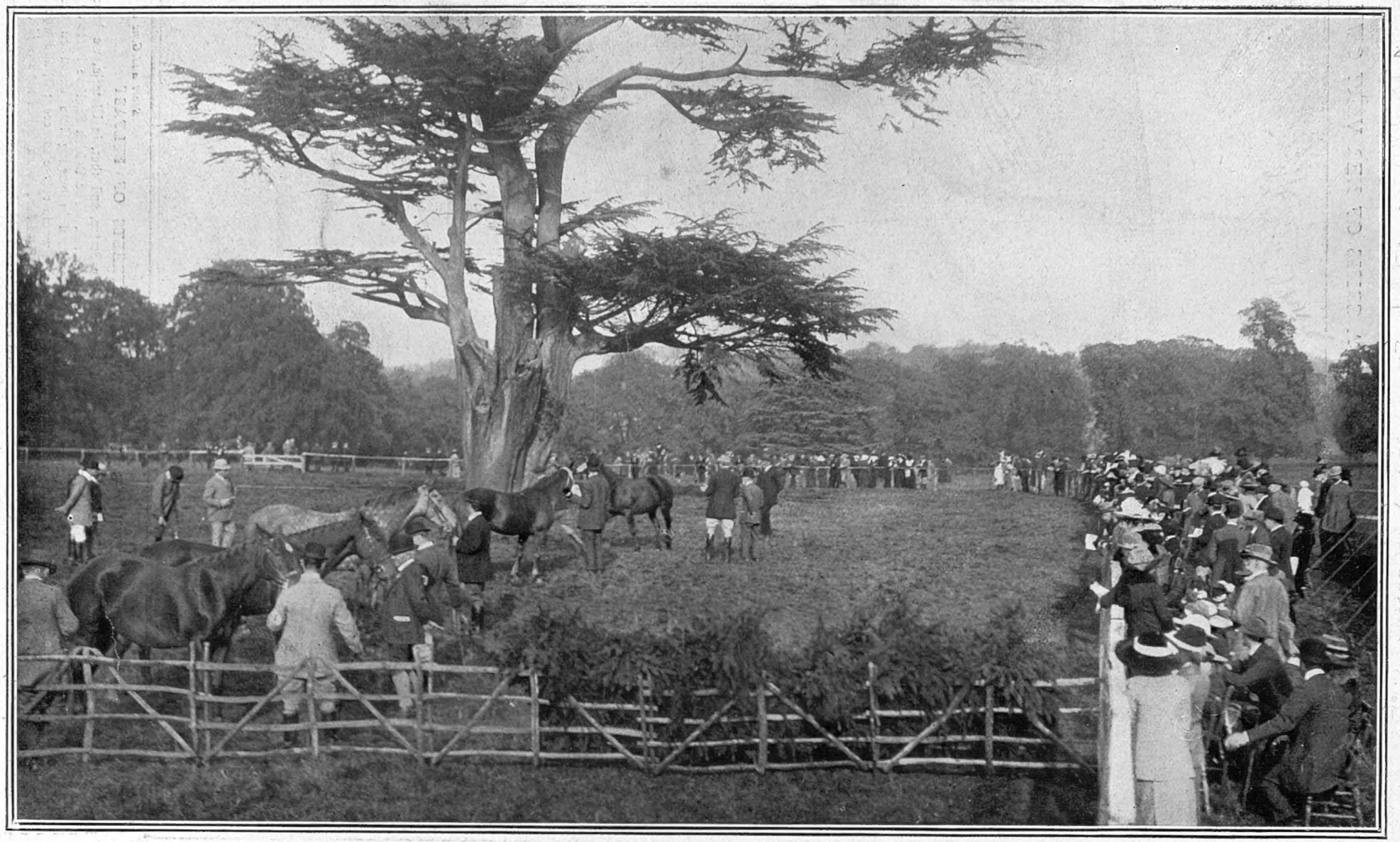
ULSTERIA PROVIDES GREAT BRITAIN WITH A CRISIS OF HER VERY OWN

Photograph *Sport and General*

"REBEL" BANDS MARCHING THROUGH THE STREETS OF BELFAST

It was proved last week that "trouble" is by no means a monopoly of the Balkan States, and that, in Ulsteria, we have a rebellious province quite as formidable to us as Albania or Macedonia is to the Turks. The British Sublime Porte was informed by the *Komitadjis*, Carson Pasha and Smith F. E-ndi, that if it persisted in putting into execution the autonomy scheme insisted upon by the Hibernian deputies in the Chamber, Ulsteria would refuse to accept it, and would declare war. Our photograph shows the "rebel" bands passing through the streets of Belfast, the capital of the *sandjak*, to the *konak*, or City Hall, where a Covenant was signed. The flag is that flown by the same tribesmen 222 years ago at the Battle of the Boyne

The Famous Show of a Famous Hunt



VIEW OF THE SHOW RING AT THE PYTCHLEY HUNT HORSE SHOW

This Show was held last Thursday at Althorp Park, near Northampton, and was very successful in every respect. There was an exceptionally large number of exhibitors, and the quality of the exhibits was unusually good, while the weather was all that could be desired. Among the numerous awards, seconds were obtained by Lord Dalmeny, Prince Kinsky, and Lord Annaly

The Bystander in Society

A Loss to London Society

Social, as well as diplomatic, circles were considerably shocked to hear of the sudden death of Baron Marschall. Baroness Marschall and her daughter had become familiar figures at various large functions during the season, and the girl had already collected quite a circle of young friends in London. It is true that Baron Marschall was already well on in years, but somehow his vitality and interest in all around him obliterated any sense of age. His daughter's German mannerisms caused some amusement at first, especially when at an evening party she called across the room to an American girl whom she had recently met in Germany, "Come over here and talk to me. You're the first person here whose face I know!"

Autumn Opera

It is distinctly good news that London is to have an autumn operatic season at Covent Garden, and I am informed that Mr. Thomas Beecham is to be one of the directors of the scheme. The Russian Ballet has been engaged again, and one of the noticeable productions of the season will be Richard Strauss's famous opera, *Der Rosenkavalier*, which has achieved such a wonderful success on the Continent.

The Duke of Kent

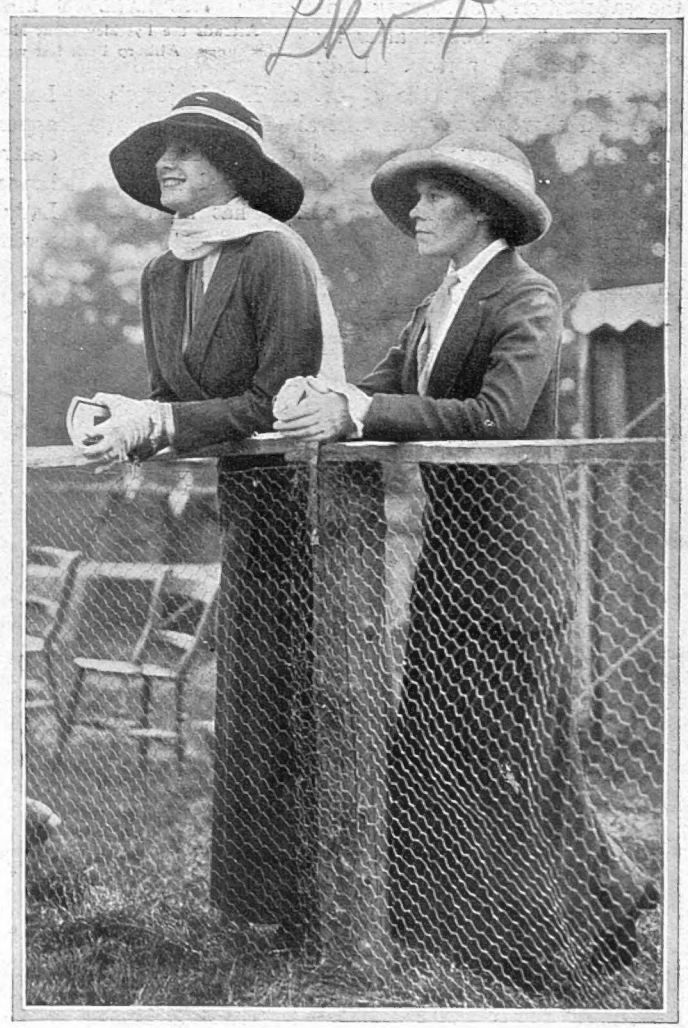
The title at present proposed for Prince Arthur of Connaught is Duke of Kent. The revival of this proposed creation will be very popular, as the Prince has worked very hard and is an authority on the practical things in connection with the Army. In deference to wishes expressed in high quarters, he renounced his own particular "romance" not so very long ago.

Little Season Prospects

The month of October means for London a recrudescence of life in the West End, a cessation of that look of desertion which marks it for its own during August and September. The temporary return of the Court to Buckingham Palace brings a certain following in its train, and many of these remain on until after what is known as the "little season," in November, when a number of hostesses give small informal dances. Altogether, social life resumes its ordinary sway for a while, and this will be more particularly the case this year, because of the added attraction of the winter opera season. And where opera enthusiasts forgather, there, too, will be found a continuance of the many other forms of social intercourse, dinners, dances, and supper-parties, without which Society women seem to find life impossible.

Kingly Sport

The Court returns to Town about the first week in October, but only for a short time. Then once more His Majesty returns to the enjoyment of his favourite sport, the *local* of his holiday for November being principally Norfolk, where he will not only shoot over his own preserves, but also of those of his friends, including Elveden, where Lord and Lady Iveagh are proposing to entertain a party to meet the King. Unlike Queen Alexandra, Queen Mary has no particular fondness for going out with the guns, and so often does not join these parties.



FAIR PARTICIPANTS AT THE PYTCHLEY HORSE SHOW

Lady Dalmeny and Miss Lloyd, who were interested spectators at the Pytchley Hunt Horse Show at Althorp Park last Thursday. Lord Dalmeny's Challenger was second in the local class for heavy-weight hunters

THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY (*continued*).

Now that all the young Princes are at school, and even little Prince John is to spend much time in the South of England, Princess May will be more than ever her mother's companion. She has none of the shyness which so strongly characterises her young cousins of Fife, and has already shown herself at the Royal garden-parties to be quite the little Princess, with all the charm of manner inherited both from her kingly grandfather and from her grandmother, the late Duchess of Teck.

Queen Mary as Hostess

Last week's distinguished visitors to Balmoral are not likely to have had the same cause for complaint as their predecessors in Queen Victoria's reign. Then, to be commanded to Balmoral was indeed a penance, for but little trouble was taken to make even the most distinguished of commoners more than moderately comfortable. Now, visitors to the Castle have the satisfaction of knowing that their comfort is looked after by Queen Mary in person. Lady visitors are especially the object of Her Majesty's care, and shortly after the arrival of one of them a knock will generally be heard on the door, on the other side of which will be the Royal hostess come to inquire whether the visitor has all that is necessary.

THE EARL OF EUSTON
Attends the Pytchley Hunt Horse Show at Althorp Park last week

The Sporting Season

The sporting season is upon us, and to many a score of men and women this spells heaven on earth, while to the Society woman it opens up a vista of country gaieties unequalled in any land. There has been the usual amount of Scottish entertaining for grouse-shooting, etc., but now that the King and Queen have decided to come South so much earlier, there will be a very general migration from over the Border. Americans have rented many large places in Scotland this year, but the usual English and Scottish people have done their regular quota of entertaining.

A New Hunt Hostess

Now, however, we are on the verge of another phase of the sporting season, that of hunting. Perhaps not even our Englishmen appreciate this sport as much as do the Americans, who come over in greater numbers every year merely for the hunting. Lord Annaly invariably entertains at Holdenby House throughout the hunting season, and although Lady Annaly is too much of an invalid to appear much among her guests, she, nevertheless, controls every detail of the arrangements of her house. A new hunt hostess of this year will be Lady Leconfield, whose husband has a pack of seventy-five couples of hounds.

MR. BRADLEY MARTIN'S GROUSE DRIVE: COUNTESS ZIA TORBY AND CAPTAIN MONCKTON IN THE BUTTS

Mr. Bradley Martin last week entertained a party for a grouse drive over the Beauly Flats, Balmacaan, Inverness-shire. The photograph shows the Countess Zia Torby (with her dog Yester) and Captain Monckton in the butts waiting for the drive to begin

Mr. Harcourt's Party at Stanton Harcourt

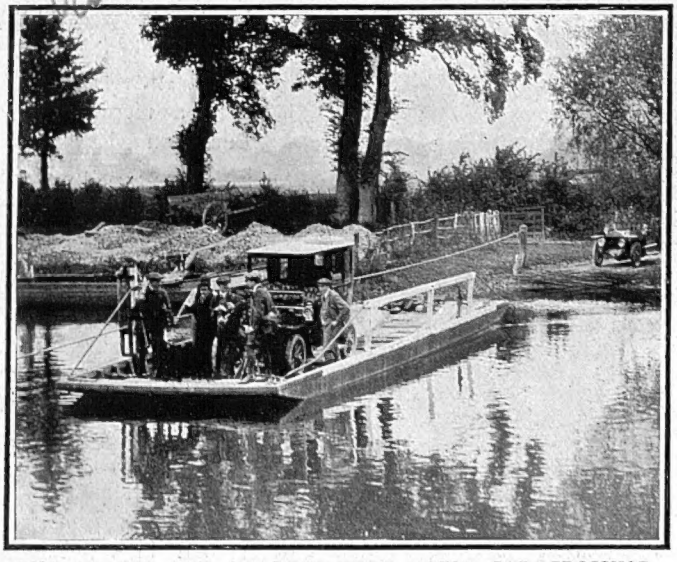
A MINISTER WHO DOES NOT HESITATE TO SHOOT

MR. J. A. PEASE, M.P., AT THE DRIVE

LORD AND LADY GLADSTONE

MEMBERS OF MR. HARCOURT'S PARTRIDGE SHOOT AT STANTON HARCOURT

(From left to right)—Front Row: Mrs. J. A. Pease, Mrs. Sheridan, Mrs. Lewis Harcourt, Mrs. Walter Burns, Lady Gladstone, and Mrs. Burns. Back Row: Lord Gladstone, Mr. Walter Burns, Mr. Merrott, Hon. H. Mulholland, Mr. Lewis Harcourt, Mr. Sheridan, Mr. J. A. Pease, M.P., and Capt. the Hon. Guy Wilson



THE VALETS AND LOADERS WITH THEIR CAR CROSSING BABLOCKHITHE FERRY, NEAR NORTHMOOR

MRS. LEWIS HARCOURT, CAPT. THE HON. GUY WILSON, AND MRS. WALTER BURNS

As a sort of leaven to the intense seriousness of his colleagues, there is always the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Lewis Harcourt, who, from time to time, gives shooting-parties at Northmoor, near Stanton Harcourt, the ancient seat of the Harcourts, six miles from Oxford. Among the guests on the occasion illustrated were Lord Gladstone, Mr. J. A. Pease, M.P., and Capt. the Hon. Guy Wilson

Matrimonial Rumours

The coming visit of the King to the Duke of Richmond reminds me of the rumour current last winter that his Grace contemplated re-marriage now that his married daughter, Lady Percy, is no longer able to act as hostess for him. The prospective Duchess was alleged to be the widow of a well-known sporting baronet, and a woman of great charm of manner. This report, rampant as it was all the winter, seems to have vanished into thin air, for there has not been the faintest sign that any such alliance is likely to eventuate, and, furthermore, one or other of the Duke's daughters is always available to help her father to entertain his guests.

A Choice

Such rumours as these are always rife, and though many of them come to nothing, there is generally some foundation on which they are built, however fragile may be the superstructure. Two wealthy young American widows, for instance, are said to be under consideration by Count Festetics, the greater wealth of the one counter-balancing the greater beauty and lesser, though by no means to be despised, *dot* of the other. As Americans generally do get the titles they aspire for, no one would be surprised to hear of Count Festetics' engagement to either one.

Brides of the Month

There is quite an extraordinary paucity of weddings of note fixed to take place this month, for, as a rule, October is reserved for the culmination of those engagements which are announced during the season. This year the engagements have been neither very numerous nor very thrilling. Of this month's brides the more notable are Miss Mary O'Hagan, sister of Lord O'Hagan, whose marriage with Major-General Charles Munro opens the month, the ceremony taking place at Westminster Abbey; Miss Lilah Wingfield, the Dowager Lady Powerscourt's daughter, who is marrying Major Clive Morrison-Bell about the 15th inst.; and Miss Olive Turner-Farley, niece of Lady Waldie-Griffith, who will be married to Mr. Ronald Stewart-Menzies on the 19th inst. at the Guards' Chapel.

THE FUTURE LADY "B.-P."

Photograph *Rita Martin*

MISS OLAVE SOAMES

Whose marriage to Lieut.-General Sir R. Baden-Powell will take place at Christmas. Miss Soames is twenty-three years of age, is a talented musician and an accomplished horsewoman

A Scottish Bridegroom

The November weddings give promise of greater interest. On the 11th of that month Lord and Lady Maitland's only son, Mr. Ian Maitland, is marrying Miss Bell-Irving. The bridegroom-to-be only attained his majority at the beginning of this year, and his *fiancée* is just twenty years of age. The event is the culmination of a lifelong friendship between the two families, Lady Maitland and Mrs. Bell-Irving having been friends and neighbours in the Vale of Clwyd in their girlhood days.

Miss Bell-Irving

Is a niece of Lady Buchanan Jardine and a cousin of Lady Chelsea. Mr. Ian Maitland has had a very practical education, and before entering the Army he was sent abroad to study banking, meanwhile his father was preparing himself for a chartered accountant's examination, which he passed with flying colours, coming out something like second in all England. Lady Maitland, well-known as a miniaturist of much skill, and as an amateur actress, is a

The Autumn Marriage Market

THREE PICTURESQUE BRIDES OF THE SEASON

THE HON. LILAH WINGFIELD
Who is marrying Major Clive Morrison-Bell. She is the daughter of the Dowager Lady Powerscourt

MISS IVY BELL-IRVING
Who is engaged to the Hon. Ian Maitland. She is related to Lady Churchill and Lady Buchanan Jardine

MISS SYLVIA GRENFELL
Who is shortly to be married to Captain E. Watts-Russell, is the daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Charles Grenfell, and a niece of Lord Desborough

Photographs by Lallie Charles, Rita Martin, and Val L'Estrange

THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY (*concluded*).

strong Christian-Scientist, and claims that Christian Science alone cured her son of blindness, for when very young he was quite blind—a difficult thing to remember when one sees the tall, keen-eyed young fellow who yet looks too youthful to take up the cares of matrimony.

Two Other November Weddings

Two other November brides there are whose weddings will bring together quite a number of prominent people, Miss Sylvia Grenfell, grand-daughter of the Dowager Lady Hillingdon, and niece of Lord Desborough, and Countess Camille Hoyos. Miss Sylvia Grenfell's wedding day—she is marrying Captain A. Watts-Russell—has not yet been definitely announced, and at one time it was thought it would take place late in October, but that of Countess Camille Hoyos to Mr. Charles Short, of Cincinnati, is fixed for November 9. Mr. Short has been visiting his *fiancée's* relatives in Germany, and is now busy preparing their future home at Cambridge, Massachusetts. Countess Camille Hoyos, it will be remembered, was at one time engaged to Lord Camoys, but he has now married an American, and his former *fiancée* is about to become the bride of a rising American architect. The engagement was broken while they were both visiting in America.

A Royal Lover of Opera

There is, perhaps, no greater lover of opera than Dom Manoel of Portugal, who, last winter, even attended the performances at the London Opera House two or three times a week, performances which failed to invoke the enthusiasm of anyone else in social circles. The talk of his coming marriage with a daughter of the Pretender to the erstwhile Throne of Portugal is merely a revival of rumours a twelvemonth old. The meeting at that time also gave rise to a rumour that Prince Miguel—now known as the Duc de Vizeu—was gathering forces to aid Dom Manoel in regaining the throne, and that they had decided to settle their rival claims by the proposed matrimonial alliance. Should the marriage take place, the Duchesse de Vizeu, formerly Miss Anita Stewart, daughter of Mrs. J. H. Smith and niece of Mrs. Anthony Drexel, would be the sister-in-law of an ex-King's wife. But Americans take their honours calmly and as though to the manner born. At present the Duc and Duchesse de Vizeu are living very quietly in the country, at Pittingford Park, Nutley, a pretty place which Mrs. J. H. Smith has taken on a lease, and has placed at the disposal of her daughter and son-in-law. They scarcely came up to Town for the season, the house at the corner of Grosvenor Square having been let to another American.

Photograph *Langfier*

THE COUNTESS OF GUILDFORD

Who was thrown from her horse while cub-hunting with the East Kent Hounds, breaking her collar-bone. Lady Guildford was married to the present Earl in 1901, and was formerly Miss May Violet Hargrave Pawson

Photograph *Sarony*

LADY BARCLAY, WIFE OF SIR GEO. BARCLAY, K.C.M.G.

Lady Barclay left last week for Bucharest, where her husband has taken up his new appointment as British Minister

The Smoking Habit

So addicted are many well-known women to this habit that they cannot even be for more than an hour without a smoke, and among these may be mentioned Mrs. George Cavendish-Bentinck, Lady Alexander Paget, Lady Wilton, Lady Maidstone, besides a score of others. Coming out of St. Margaret's, Westminster, last season, after a fashionable wedding, one American-born Countess no sooner got her foot inside her motor-car than her cigarette was lighted, and she leant back with a sigh of content, saying, "I was dying for a smoke!" It is extremely doubtful whether men smoke anything like the number of cigarettes a day that are consumed by these dainty, delicate-looking dames. And young girls are not far behind their elders in this, some prominent Society girls finding it difficult at times to pay their cigarette bills and their bridge losses out of their allowance, while no bride's list of wedding gifts is complete without several elegant smoking sets.

The coursing season opens at Everleigh in Wiltshire. Beautiful weather ushered in this meeting and a large crowd assembled to watch the sport. Our illustration shows Hampstead Norris (right) running a bye

FRESH RECREATIONS MARK THE CHANGING SEASONS

Exit Summer

The question whether a summer which was no summer can be said to have ended—since it can hardly be said to have had a beginning—is now shelved by the coming of autumn, and with it a complete change in the programme of our national sports and pastimes. The cricket season, the yachting season, all the seasons, in fact, which are ordinarily associated in our minds with that elusive word "summer," are now relegated to the limbo of an unregretted past, and we turn almost with relief to the various outdoor pursuits which are going to satisfy our sport-loving instincts during those blessed six months, when the state of the weather does not so greatly matter to the outdoor man. In our games we have ceased, for the time being (and without feeling the deprivation very acutely), to be flannelled fools, and are enjoying with considerable relish the transformation to muddied oafs. In short, we are confident, like true sportsmen, that the luck which deserted us in the spring and the summer will come back to us during the autumn and winter.

Photograph *Sport and General*

J. A. LOVELL

Who succeeds P. Collins as Hon. Sec. of the Hockey Association. Known to his intimates as "Tony," he is quite a big man in more senses than one, and can play back and forward equally well

Coursing Returns in Due Course

Nowhere, perhaps, has the end of a summer which has been a conspicuous failure been hailed with more rapturous delight than in hunting circles. But as THE BYSTANDER will, as usual, "present" its Hunting Supplement on October 16, I need not elaborate this proposition. Our hunting editor would probably not thank me for invading his country. The coursing season opened on September 24 with the popular meeting at Everleigh in Wiltshire, where the weather was fine and the temperature just right. A splendid lot of strong-running hares, too, were found, so that nearly every course was a really testing one. Mr. G. F. Fawcett, as usual, had some promising puppies out, and so had Mr. F. Alexander.

The Rugger Boom

Rugby football had quite a boom last season, and it is going to continue. The healthy sign is the keenness of the clubs, for club football is the backbone of the game. As a diversion, however, from the ordinary routine of club, county, and International matches, we shall have the second tour of a South African team in Great Britain. The first South African team won such golden opinions, not only for their skill both individually and collectively, but also for the "cleanness" of their play, that their successors are sure of a hearty welcome and a big following. They are said, moreover, to be quite as powerful a team as the first, and their forwards, if their skill is at all commensurate with their weight, will prove to be a very tough proposition.

Hockey's Expansion

Hockey is a game which appeals less to the sightseeing public than football, but its popularity has not suffered any diminution on that account. There are clubs which are able to place four or five teams in the field every Saturday afternoon, and I know of one which has increased the number of its teams from two to four in less than two years. There are many men who cannot afford to play football, by which I mean that their position in life does not allow them to run the risk of getting "crocked" and having to stay away from business.

Hockey, on the other hand, though a thoroughly robust game, with plenty of hard knocks, tumbles, and so forth in it, is not a game in which the risk of being badly "crocked" need seriously be contemplated.

Changes in the Rules

Two minor alterations have been made in the rules since last season. Under one of these the ball may now rebound from the open hand of the goalkeeper without penalty. Formerly if it rebounded, even to the extent of a few inches, he was penalised, and as this was often done quite unavoidably and unintentionally, the prohibition was something of a hardship. A really hot shot at hockey is such a difficult thing to stop that anything that tends to make the goalkeeper's job a bit easier seems sound. About the other alteration there is more doubt. Formerly, when the ball was hit in from the corner, it had to be stopped *dead* in the circle before a shot could be taken. This had the effect of making it of very little advantage to obtain a corner, while even a penalty corner was not much of a penalty. Now, however, the ball need not be stopped dead. As long as its course is checked, and it is propelled back in the direction from which it came, it may be hit while on the move. The opinion among many experts is that this remedy is worse than the original disease, because it will, in all probability, carry matters to the opposite extreme. Corners will now become as productive of goals as they were formerly unproductive; a penalty corner ought to mean a pretty certain goal; and goalkeepers, when corners (and particularly penalty corners) are being taken, will have an uncomfortably hot time.

BARRY'S CHALLENGER STARTS TRAINING ON THE THAMES

The race between Edward Durnan, the sculling champion of America, and Ernest Barry for the World's Championship will be rowed on October 14. In the illustration, Durnan is seen on the left with his trainers, "Bossy" Phelps and Mr. Scholes (who won the Diamonds at Henley, 1904), in the double sculler

BUDDING BILLIARD CHAMPIONS

A. F. Peall (right), son of W. J. Peall, the famous spot-stroke champion, and Harry Taylor, the fifteen-year-old player from Leeds, played each other in the London Qualifying Tournament. Peall, who made several fine breaks, won easily

Association Football

It is fashionable nowadays to talk of amateur Association football being under a cloud owing to the "split" which led to the formation of the A.F.A., and heads are ominously shaken over the fact that an attempt to heal the split has proved abortive. As a matter of fact, the A.F.A. clubs are not in the least concerned about this failure. They represent the real backbone of amateur football, that is to say, 'Varsity and Public School football, and they know it. They have weathered the gale which arose when they seceded from the F.A., and are now sailing in smooth water before a following wind. Each year they grow stronger and more self-reliant, and each year the desirability of healing the split (as far as *they* are concerned) grows less. So does the F.A.'s influence. H. S. S.

Photograph *Sport and General*

RUGBY FOOTBALL STARTS AGAIN: BLACKHEATH v. ROSSLYN PARK AT RICHMOND

Blackheath, barring accidents, will have a very strong side this season. They began auspiciously with a 25 points to 3 win over Rosslyn Park. Their forwards, who are seen above dribbling cleverly, are a very useful pack

Cub-Hunting Now in Full Swing

AFTER THE DELAY CAUSED BY THE LATE HARVEST

MEET OF THE EARL OF HARRINGTON'S FOXHOUNDS AT QUORN WOOD: HOUNDS GOING TO FRESH COVER

A KILL WITH THE EARL OF HARRINGTON'S FOXHOUNDS

This pack nearly got burnt in a motor-van recently on their way to Meet. Lord Harrington, the Master, is seen in the photograph throwing the carcase to the hounds after a kill

THE COTTESMORE FOXHOUNDS MEET AT KNOSSINGTON, NEAR OAKHAM

The Field following hounds along in single file to first cover

A late start among the cubs has been made this season owing to the backward harvest, but the education of the young hounds is now progressing satisfactorily in most places. They are finding plenty of foxes, and huntsmen are looking forward to first-rate sport in the regular season. Our illustrations are of Lord Harrington's and the Cottesmore Hounds

MORE ABOUT HIM

THE FIFTH VOLUME OF THE LIFE OF MR. LLOYD GEORGE

REVIEWED FOR "THE BYSTANDER" OF 1919. BY "SAKI"

WE are permitted and desired by the Bureau of State Publications to give our readers some extracts from Vol. V. of the "Life of David Lloyd George," which has just been issued.

Extracts from Diary

"THURSDAY.—Drove past Buckingham Palace. Shall I confess that I cast on the dingy pile the same envious eye that Charles Martel may have cast on the residence of the then Sovereigns of France? Vanity! And yet. . . ."

"THURSDAY EVENING.—Buckingham Palace still in my mind. Cannot help thinking how well it would sound: David, by the acquiescence of God, of Wales and Little Britain King, Expounder of the Faith."

"SATURDAY.—Grey rather hurt at not being included in my new Cabinet. Decent man, but too tainted with the leprous canker-slime of aristocratic birth and upbringing. Why can't such men as he emigrate? Capable, but not wanted here."

"SUNDAY.—Preached at Tabernacle on Brotherly Love. Alluded to Lord Murray, who has sent a letter of encouragement to the Labour candidate at Carnarvon, as the meanest maggot that ever wormed its way out of a muck-heap. Congregation applauded fervently, as congregations will when someone very much above the average speaks to them. One man, who protested against politics in the pulpit, taken to the nearest hospital. Serve the swine right. Congregation unanimously voted that my sermon on Brotherly Love should be printed at the State expense by the Bureau of State Publications."

"TUESDAY.—Murray has sent a letter to the electors of Carnaryon explaining that I am the man they ought always to vote for. He hopes I will now withdraw my 'meanest maggot' epithet. Shan't!"

"WEDNESDAY.—The Governments of Bulgaria, Servia, and Montenegro have sent a joint protest against the continued outrages inflicted on the inhabitants of the vilayet of North-East Ulster. Have replied, pointing out that these so-called outrages are the work (or one might say the recreation) of the Molly Maguires, who are an Approved Society, having their headquarters in Dublin, and that any interference with their propaganda would be a violation of the integrity of Irish autonomy. Have also pointed out that emigration steamers, at cheap rates, leave Belfast five times a week, and are usually crowded, so there is every prospect of local differences being gradually eliminated. I am glad to be able to add that complete order reigns in Londonderry; also the Order of Hibernians."

"FRIDAY.—By-election in Norfolk. If the votes had not been split between a Radical and a Conservative, the Radical would have got in. Must press through House my new measure providing that all vacancies occurring during lifetime of a Parliament shall be filled up by the Government."

"MONDAY.—Guy Fawkes Day. Usual heavy crop of arrests and prosecutions for unseemly choice of individual pilloried as Guy. Am inclined to agree with Chiozza Money that the celebration of this senseless festival will have to be prohibited in future years."

"WEDNESDAY.—Note from Russian Government, renewing its protest against continuance of Delhi as capital of British India, on the ground that it infringes the theoretical Russian sphere of influence, and suggesting transfer of capital to the Andaman Islands. Spirited reply from Reginald McKenna, our new Foreign Secretary, offering as a half-measure to remove the capital to some salubrious spot in Ceylon, but refusing to budge one iota of an inch further. Famous fellow, McKenna; always ready to nail one's colours to the mast, and always ready to take the mast down if there is any further trouble."

"SATURDAY.—Addressed meeting in Birmingham. Some allusions to the ancestors of Mr. Chamberlain, which I thought quite clever, were not well received, but determined charge by honorary Cossack guard of the Gladstone League prevented my retreat from becoming a flight. Have learnt something since 'khaki' days."

"MONDAY.—More labour troubles. Ben Tillett again threatening to shoot Lord Devonport. Awkward, in view of party funds. Have suggested Lord Murray as an alternative target."

"TUESDAY.—Brutal threat of Ben Tillett to shoot ME. Populace remains calm in spite of affront offered to its Idol (me). Nevertheless, have thought it best to order arrest of Tillett in order to protect him from popular vengeance."

"SATURDAY.—Compulsory celebration of Joy Day. British people rapidly reverting to their earlier undemonstrative character. Few signs of spontaneous rejoicing in the streets. However, during my triumphal drive through London, some fervent admirers endeavoured to indicate how cheap and abundant food had become under my administration by throwing eggs and tomatoes and portions of fish in the air, confetti fashion. The idea struck me as something new and pleasing, but some of the eggs, which also struck me (accidentally), were not very new and the reverse of pleasing. In future these outbreaks of symbolical enthusiasm will have to be submitted to official supervision."

"MONDAY.—By-election at Bristol. Liberals suffered from over-confidence and under-voting, otherwise would have held the seat. To-night introduced Bill for postponing General Election for another three years, to allow the provisions and advantages of the Insurance Act to become better known and appreciated. One always knows when one has made a really great speech. Liberals delirious with delight, especially those with majorities under five hundred. National Liberal Club guarded by police and illuminated."

SAKI

THE MAN IN HIS MONOGRAM

NO. IV. OF AN ORIGINAL SERIES OF CARICATURES

In the above sketch the initials of the name of a personage very prominent on the other side of the Atlantic are so designed

WHO IS IT?

as to form his likeness. If you are in doubt as to his identity see next week's issue—also for No. 5 of the series.

Last week's Cartoon: Initials "A.P."—Sir Arthur Pinero

BY PHILIP BAYNES

THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

IT was a pity that the opening of the Llanystumdwy Institute was so entirely a party affair. Members of the Opposition ought at least to have been given an invitation. Mr. Bonar Law should have been asked to play the first game of bagatelle on the Llanystumdwy table against Mr. Balfour, and Mr. F. E. Smith would probably have been happy to hang up the picture of Mr. Lloyd George in the reading-room. I suppose Sir Edward Carson was too busy in Derry to come over and play Colonel Seely at Halma on the Llanystumdwy Halma board; but surely Mr. Tom Mann might have been induced to challenge two or three of our leading Dukes to open the Llanystumdwy skittle-alley with him?

* * *

I like to hear of a new Mecca, such as Llanystumdwy will be henceforward. It encourages the tourist business. American pilgrims, when they have done Stonehenge and the Tower of London and Oxford and such places, can take tickets for Llanystumdwy, and see the shop where David's first pair of trousers came from, and be shown the descendants of the rabbits he used to poach, and mark the spot where the young financier solved the problem of how by putting down fourpence you could pick up ninepence, and get sanatorium benefits as well, if you lived long enough.

* * *

Why is it that Mr. Lloyd George, alone of our present Ministers, has impressed upon our minds the name of the village where his boyhood was passed? It does not seem right, somehow. Why don't we know where Mr. Asquith sucked his first orange, the pond on which Mr. Churchill sailed his first boat, the well-worn path along which Lord Haldane used to be pushed in his perambulator? I suppose some experts do know about these matters, and will some day tell us, when the biographies of these heroes are published in four volumes a piece.

* * *

A Society, I see, has been formed for "restoring the toe to its primitive state of usefulness." If you are a member, you practise wiggling your toes "first singly and then in unison, for five minutes every day." The Ulster Covenanters, if they get really nimble with their toes, may not need to have recourse to rifles, after all, "to defeat the present conspiracy to set up Home Rule in Ireland."

* * *

What is a step-parent? Is he—or she—merely the person who steps in and marries the child's parent after the other parent is dead, or can she—or he—also be a step-parent, who, assisted by the Divorce Courts, steps out of the way of the child's parent, thereby enabling him or her to marry the child's other parent? I hope the point is clear. It arises from reading—apropos of the new Vanderbilt heir—that "Mrs. Vanderbilt, who was a Miss Margaret Emerson, divorced her first husband, Dr. Smith Hollis McKim, in August, 1910, and she married Mr. Vanderbilt on December 17, 1911. Alfred G. Vanderbilt's first wife was Miss Elsie French. Mrs. Vanderbilt divorced her husband in September, 1908, and is now Mrs. French Vanderbilt." Not to go further—are Dr. McKim and Mrs. French Vanderbilt step-parents of the heir, or are they not?

* * *

THE INFANT HALDANE IN HIS PERAMBULATOR
By E. T. Reed

I like Mr. George Alexander's idea of municipal theatres. I don't care much for municipal trams or rates, and I have never tried municipal milk. But municipal theatres intrigue me. Would the Mayor do the censoring, I wonder? And the Councillors choose the plays and do the catering? "Vote for Tompkins and Musical Comedy!" "Plump for Pinckney and Problem Plays!" One can almost see those placards up at election-time. There is only one objection I can foresee. Would not ratepayers complain if the leading gentleman at the municipal theatre insisted on having trousers cut as perfectly as those in use at our leading West End theatres?

R. E. Vernede

The Only Possible Inference

Loafer *(exhausting usual riymarole)*: "Honest, guv'nor, I 'avn't 'ad anything to eat for three days"
The Blood *(disinterestedly)*: "Really—some silly rotten *bet*—I suppose!"

BY ROBT. BROWN

London Nights Entertainments

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

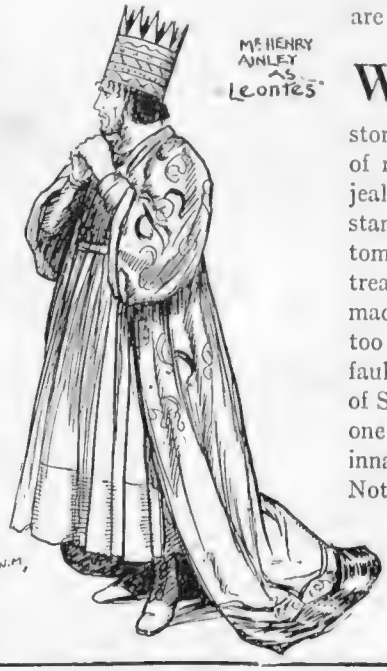
"THE WINTER'S TALE" AT THE SAVOY THEATRE

IN the old days it was an adage in the world of sock and buskin that Shakespeare spelt ruin. The reason for this singular orthographical phenomenon was, no doubt, the plain fact that the general public, upon whose support theatrical success depends, would not take the trouble to cross the street in order to hear "Shakespeare" declaimed by even the most accomplished elocutionists. The late Sir Henry Irving did much to alter this distressing state of affairs by gilding the Shakespearean pill with elaborate scenery. If the scene to be represented were Juliet's balcony in a garden, for instance, nothing was left to the imagination. When the curtain rose, the garden and the balcony were there as real as life; and Romeo's interview with Juliet took place under circumstances that gave them a fine flavour of actuality. Mr. Granville Barker, however, will have none of this. In his view, as in Hamlet's, the play's the thing. If the general public want Shakespeare, they must have—Shakespeare, and not a series of elaborately conventional stage-pictures to divert their minds from an attentive consideration of the artistic and spiritual meaning of the message of the immortal bard. This is, I suppose, the only consistent attitude for an artist of the sincerity of Mr. Granville Barker to adopt. How far the general public are likely to be converted from the error of their ways by his valiant challenge I am unable to prophesy.

Miss Lilla McCarthy as Hermione

Mr. Barker's courage is the greater because his view of a stage setting will seem to the average person to be only a hybrid mixture of the methods of Max Reinhardt and Gordon Craig, neither of whom is a popular "draw" in this country—though I hasten to add that this consideration is the last that would weigh with Mr. Barker. There is his production, and the general public can take it or leave it, just as they please. Your true artist does not follow public opinion: he essays to lead it. Having said so much, I have now regretfully to throw off the sheep's clothing that conceals the wolf beneath it, and to line up with the Philistines. I admit at once that the absence of elaborately unconventional scenery may be desirable in some plays: such plays, for instance, as deal with modern conditions with which we are all familiar. Here, however, we have a story of impossible conditions, quite imperfectly narrated; and though we may easily imagine the accompanying *mise-en-scène* for ourselves, it does not necessarily follow that our imagination proceeds on the same lines as those of Mr. Barker, or that his very bare hints are in any way helpful to us.

Polixenes Mr Cyril Graham



Mr Henry Ainley as Leontes

What, after all, is the story of *The Winter's Tale?* It is just a story of vulgar jealousy, a bald display of rather contemptible meanness. The jealousy of Othello one can understand. He was a rough soldier, accustomed by his profession to look for treachery on every hand, and if he made one disastrous slip by trusting too much to the friend he loved, his fault was very human. King Leontes of Sicilia, however, suspects his wife, one would say, merely out of the innate badness of his own heart. Nothing in the play justifies his attitude. He is just a small-minded, querulous person, with ideas of the most suburban kind. And the play that tells his depressing story needed,

above all, the accompaniment of scenery that would impart to the tale just that air of romance which the immortal bard, by a grievous oversight, omitted to sock into it. Instead, Mr. Barker gives us one plain, unvarnished scene for three acts. The scene itself is a nice example of decorative simplicity: it is a spacious apartment pillared in the Græco-Roman style—(Is this an account of a wrestling match?—Ed.)—which at first does duty for the ante-chamber in Leontes' Palace. A little later on some of the furniture is moved and a throne is brought in, and the scene is thereby changed to a court of justice. In palliation of this fine contempt for mere scenic accessories it must be admitted that the acting of Mr. Henry Ainley as Leontes and Miss Lillah McCarthy as Hermione, his oppressed queen, is so impressive at this point that one has no time to think of anything else; but such moments are not invariably prevalent throughout the play. Whether, too, the absorbing interest in this scene arises from its dramatic excellence, or from a very human curiosity to learn the outcome of the bickering between husband and wife as to the paternity of the newly born child, I shall not venture to hazard a guess.

HERMIONE AND POLIXENES

To my mind the most charming feature of the production is the second of the two acts, with its picture of a sheep-shearing festival, to which the young men and maidens have come to dance and make merry. Mr. Barker, it is true, seems to have taken some pains by his method of decoration to persuade us that all this hilarity is quite artificial and not at all natural, but the high spirits of the players are overwhelming evidence to the contrary. Miss Cathleen Nesbitt as Perdita quickly makes us forget the Noah's Ark scenery that has been set, apparently, to crib, cabin, and confine her delightful merriment. She is the very embodiment of high spirits and sentimental girlhood, and her dancing and capering and love-making are good to see. Another great success in this act is scored by Mr. Arthur Whitby as Autolycus, the "snapper-up of unconsidered trifles." Mr. Whitby plays the part with a keen perception of its sly humour, and his obvious enjoyment in his task is very soon imparted to the audience. A word, too, should be said of the Paulina of Miss Esmé Beringer, whom I have never before seen to such advantage. Whatever Mr. Granville Barker's methods may be, he seems to have the faculty of compelling his players to give us of their best; and I am the more happy to be able to admit this because I find myself, unhappily, quite unable to be enthusiastic over the scenic decorations of the production.

"A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY" AT THE CRITERION

The opening scenes of this play are quite full of promise. We are permitted to see a noble lord getting out of bed; and then we see his lordship coming back to us out of the bathroom in a state of perturbation because there is a beetle in the bath. The sight of the noble lord locking the bathroom door to keep the beetle on the other side seems to indicate that the author possesses a quaint vein of humour which, if only he can get room enough, he will be able to air for our delight. Unfortunately, the fresh humour of the piece does not last very long. Soon we are in the middle of a story in which his lordship's heir is positively paying attentions to a mere girl in a flower shop, and it becomes necessary for the family to intervene for fear the young man should marry the girl and so mar the agreeable prospects that destiny has mapped out for him from his birth. The acting, indeed, is quite excellent throughout, but I could not convince myself that so much undoubted talent was being manifested to any particularly useful purpose.

JINGLE

Sketches made at the Savoy Theatre by Norman Morrow

Tecla Gems

Tecla Pearls and Real Diamonds

BERLIN
15 Unter den Linden

LONDON
7 Old Bond Street

VIENNA
2 Kärnthnerstrasse

Tecla

NEW YORK
398 Fifth Avenue

PARIS
10 Rue de la Paix

NICE
16 Avenue Masséna

NO OTHER BRANCHES OR AGENTS IN EUROPE

CURIOSITIES FROM

PICTORIALITIES

VARIOUS COUNTRIES

BISHOPS—MODERN AND MEDIÆVAL

The above photograph, recently taken in the Sieges-Allee, Berlin, is an amusing study in episcopal expression. The genial smile of the present divine, the Bishop of Birmingham (standing next to the statue), is conspicuous when contrasted with the severity and glumness of the features of the past Bishop Otto

A LUCKY ARCHDUCHESS

The beautiful Archduchess Immaculata of Austria, who recently was successful in winning a prize of £2,000 in the Imperial State Lottery. She distributed the money among the poor of Vienna on her birthday, September 19

THE SAFETY HELMET FOR AIRMEN

A device which, it is claimed, will render aviators immune from injuries to the head. It is the invention of a Hendon mechanic, and consists of a series of steel springs. The helmet has already undergone the severe test of blows from an aeroplane propellor. The importance of wearing some such headpiece was emphasised last week, when an Eastbourne aviator's life was saved by his helmet

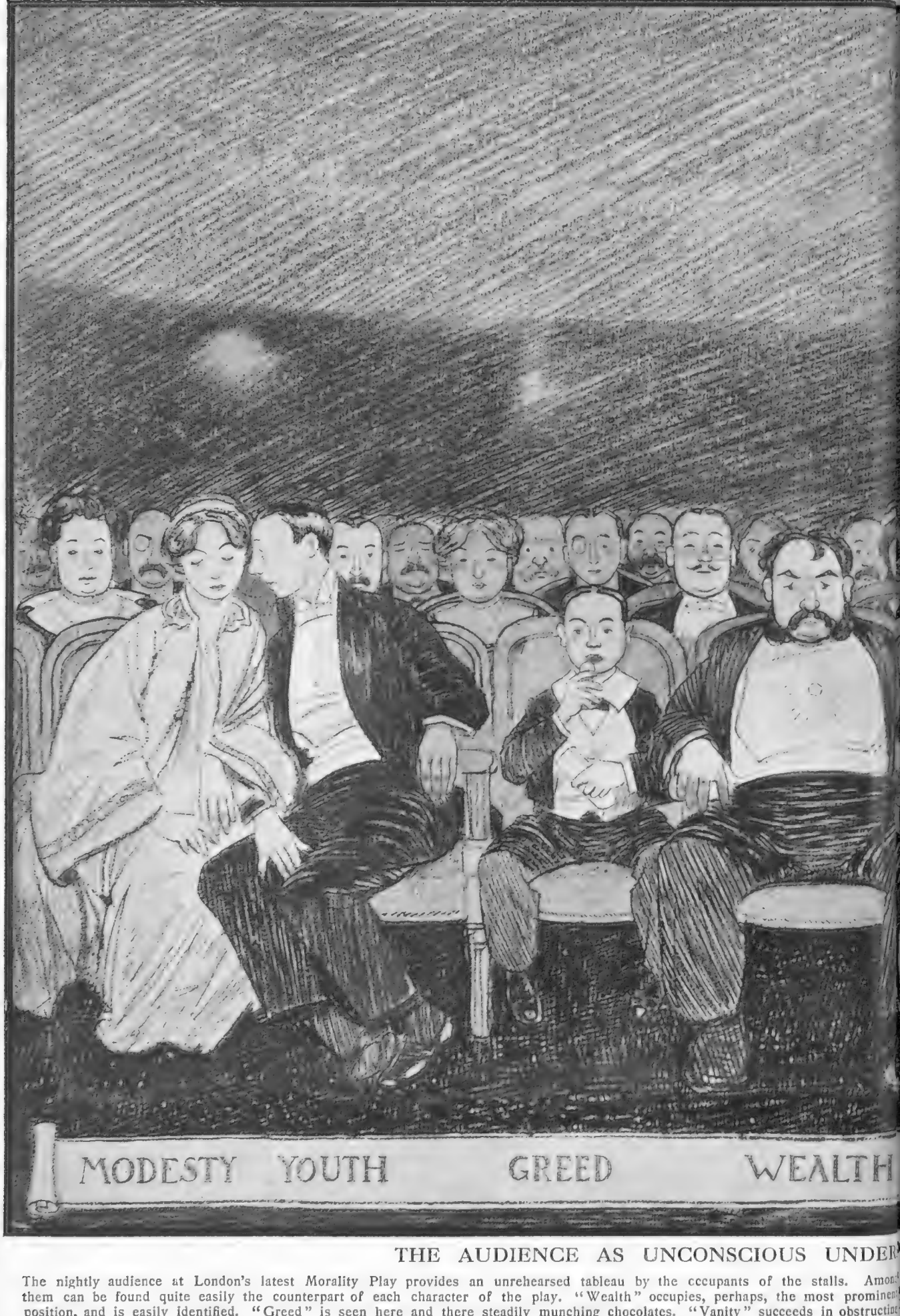
THE HONOURABLE DEATH BY HARI-KIRI

The photograph, which reaches us from Tokio, depicts a stage hero about to die the Honourable Death in a manner generally made very realistic by an unlimited amount of red silk. The Honourable Death is the outcome of Bushido, the spirit of chivalry or devotion to duty, upon whose altar the late General Nogi sacrificed himself so tragically

A BULL-FIGHT IN THE STREETS

The ordinary bull-fight in an enclosure must be comparatively tame to that indulged in by the inhabitants of the Azores. Recently, at Angra Terceira, the popular pastime was carried on in the public thoroughfares of the town. This little diversion was effected at the cost of the lives of two amateur toreadors and seven bulls

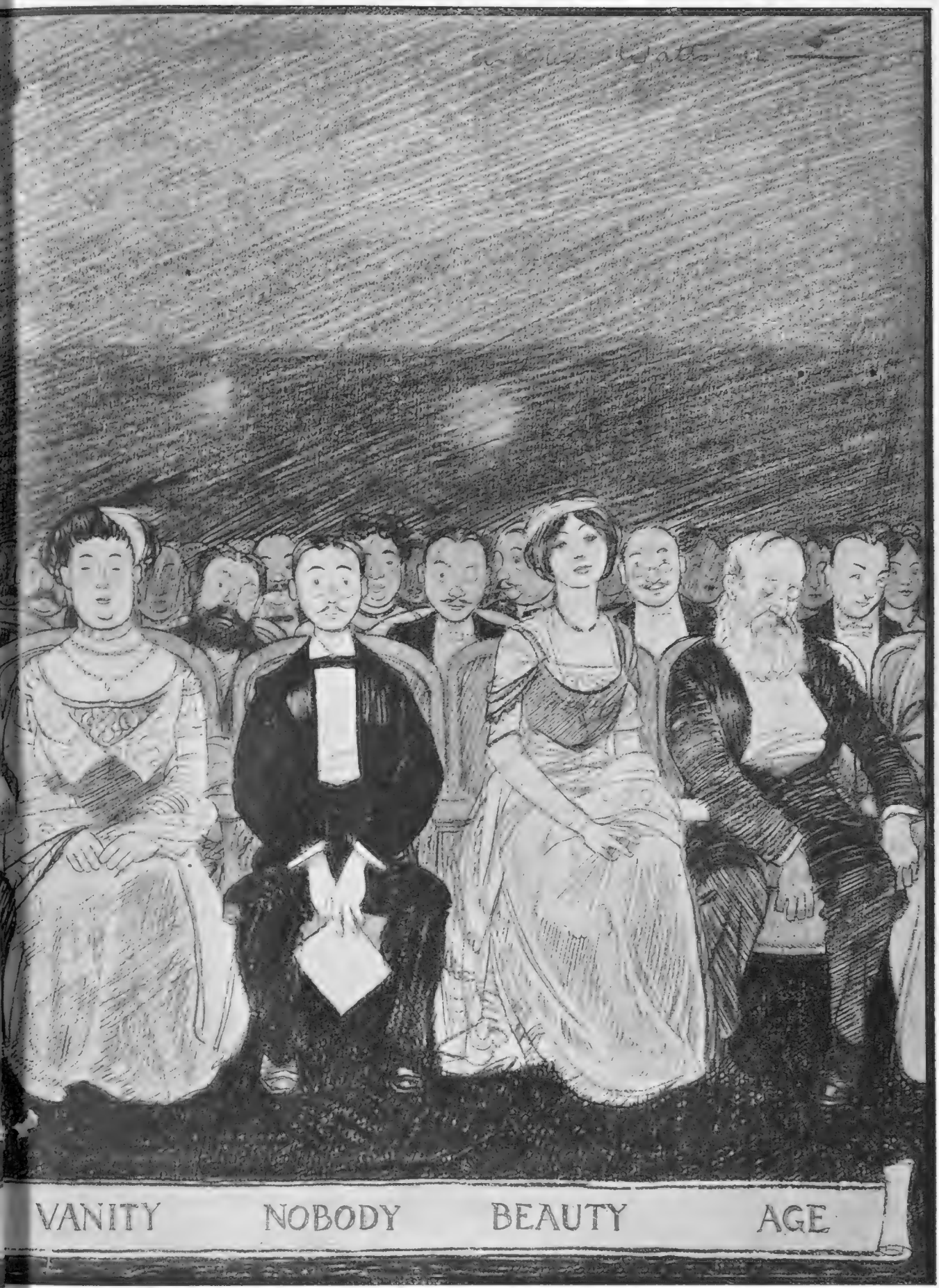
"EVERYWOMAN"



THE AUDIENCE AS UNCONSCIOUS UNDER[illegible]

The nightly audience at London's latest Morality Play provides an unrehearsed tableau by the occupants of the stalls. Among them can be found quite easily the counterpart of each character of the play. "Wealth" occupies, perhaps, the most prominent position, and is easily identified. "Greed" is seen here and there steadily munching chocolates. "Vanity" succeeds in obstructing

ROM THE STAGE



IES TO THE CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY

e view of the stage with her over-large hair ornaments, whilst "Age" and "Beauty" sit side by side in stall or box. "Modesty," though not quite so conspicuous as the other characters, can also be found in the darker corners, and a good sprinkling of Nobodies" completes the cast

BY ARTHUR WATTS

PARIS SHOWS

et Autres Choses

by John N. Raphael.

Francs and Centimes

THERE is a peculiarity about Paris and Parisians which has sometimes amused me, and sometimes annoyed me. The amusement or annoyance, like the answer to "Is Life Worth Living?" depends, of course, on the liver. But it really is a curious thing how much and how incessantly Parisians talk of money. Next time you come to Paris, keep your ears open in the streets, in the cafés, in the *entr'acte* at a theatre—wherever you like, and you will say, with that accent of surprise you always give to one of us pen-pushers when you happen to agree with us, "Why, that BYSTANDER fellow was quite right. What?" Follow two people down the Boulevards. I am, of course, presuming that you have left your wife at home and made the trip with a man friend of your own tastes. You will hear dainty lips, which should express nothing but thoughts of flowers, silver moonlight, and kisses, talking of francs and centimes. I defy you to listen to any conversation in Paris between men or women without hearing the two words, or one of them, in the space of five minutes.

A Good Story

And here is a story which I overheard just ten minutes ago at the Café Napolitain. The two men were artists—well-known ones. One of them lives and paints in the Rue de la Rochefoucauld. "I had a visit," he said, "from X., the dealer, this morning. He bought a couple of pictures (parenthesis about the price), and just as he was going he said, 'I have to go to the Rue Chabrol from here. Which is the quickest way?' 'It's quite simple,' I told him. 'You take the first on your left, then the second on your right, then——.' 'Oh, good gracious,' said he, 'I shall never remember.' I caught up a bit of cartridge-paper, and drew him a little plan. 'There,' I said, 'now you can't miss it.' He looked at it a minute, and remarked, '*Cher maître*, if you care to sign this I daresay I could get a couple of thousand francs for it in New York or Chicago.'"

Photograph *Felix*

MLLE. DE LÉKA

A Parisian stage favourite, in "L'Enfant du Miracle," now running in Paris at the Théâtre Bouffés Parisiens

The Resulting Nest-Egg

One wonders rather why French people talk and think so much of money. They are, taken wide and large, a good deal better off than many other nations, and perhaps their constant preoccupation of francs and centimes is the reason. The economy of French people is extraordinary. One understands the economy of an omnibus instead of a cab, or economy in big things. But a Frenchman will smoke tobacco he doesn't like because it is cheaper, and a Frenchwoman will be as exultant over a halfpenny saved as a hen over her first egg. I know Frenchwomen who hide francs and centimes in odd corners of the house, not because they are afraid of losing them, but because they want to lose them so as not to spend them. And the result, of course, is that the poorest French people have usually a nest-egg.

Democratic Gambling

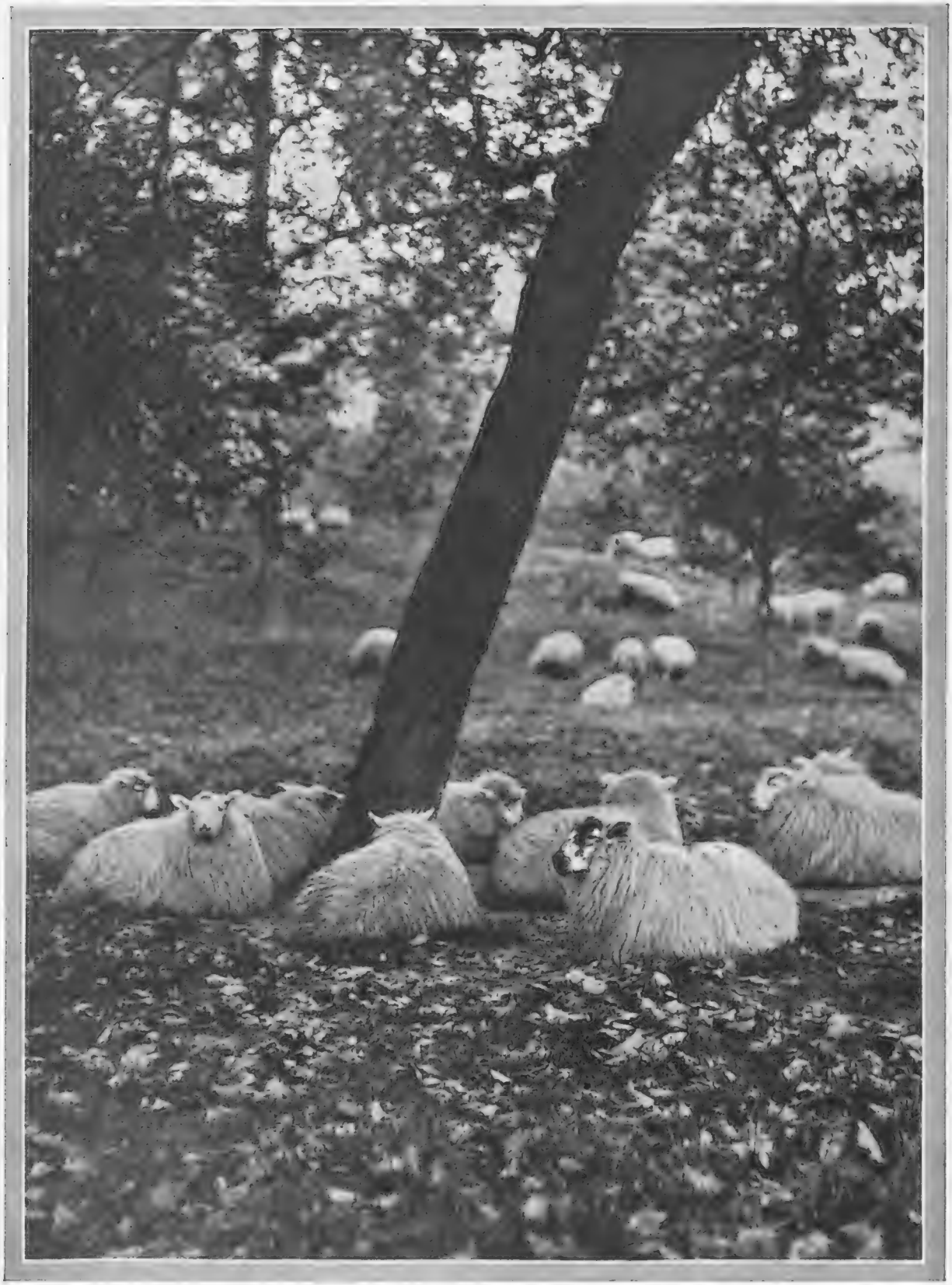
In rather quaint contrast to this habit of economy is the French habit of gambling. Of course, we bet in England, but I doubt whether people of all classes, and especially people of the hard-working, frugal, moral, middle-class, bet as persistently on horse racing as people do in France. They certainly do not go to the races as regularly. Have you ever watched people arriving at Longchamp, Auteuil, or Saint Cloud? I do not mean aristocrats like you or I who come in motor-cars or taxicabs, and pay their twenty francs to go on to the lawn, I mean the people who go out by train, second or third-class, or in the char-à-bancs which take them to the racecourse from all points of Paris for a franc or less. Their chief peculiarity is their absolute respectability, and the numbers of quiet, elderly women among them. The races in Paris on Sundays are always attended by hundreds of thousands of this *bourgeois* class, and everybody bets. I know working-men who earn an irregular four shillings a day, and less, whose wives put a five-franc piece aside for Sunday's betting as regularly as they put by the fivepence for their husband's tobacco.

JOHN N. RAPHAEL

"But Oh, She Dances Such a Way!"

A REMARKABLE ACTION PHOTOGRAPH BY CAVENDISH MORTON

A Pastorale



SHEEP, TREES, AND GRASS (SEE BELOW)

There is nothing very much about this picture in itself—just sheep on grass under trees, the fallen leaves betokening that it has been taken at the present season of the year. For the sake of accuracy, however, we may add that it was taken just outside one of "The Bystander's" favourite clubs, viz., in the Green Park, close to Piccadilly. We have purposely refrained from titling the picture "Rus in Urbe," and from any further attempt to "rub in" a well-worn moral

HAMILTON'S SECOND MARRIAGE

By Frederick Fenn

THE man who said marriage was a habit was probably right, and herein lies the reason why the percentage of marriages among widows is so high. Once you have been accustomed to the companionship of the opposite sex it is difficult to do without it. Here is no case of once bitten twice shy. The position is more analogous to that of the man who has been bitten with drink or gambling. He has formed a habit. It matters not that the horse he backed or the wife he married has proved a "wrong 'un." He will try again.

There is a more serious side to it, though, than this. In thousands of happy marriages, when one of the partners dies and the survivor remarries, people are apt to say, somewhat cynically, "He (or she) has soon consoled himself or herself; and we thought they were such a devoted couple." The real fact of the matter is, of course, that having been devoted and happy the survivor cannot bear the unutterable loneliness of single blessedness. I knew of an old fellow who, after fifty years of ideal married life, took to himself a second partner a few months after number one died; and he was right. As a lonely widower he would have gone melancholy mad.

These are generalities. Now come the exceptions. No one expected that Geoffrey Hamilton would marry again when Agatha died; but he did, and this is how it came to pass, and the sequel. For fifteen years the Hamiltons were almost ideally happy, and then the subtle element of jealousy crept into their relations. It was not that he flirted, but with growth of popularity—he was a novelist of some note—he attracted attention, and many women found him interesting. A husband likes his wife to be considered interesting by other men. It confirms his wisdom in the selection of a mate. Very few wives, however, care for their husbands to be admired by other women. It may be that they have more cause for doubting their ability to stand the strain of fidelity.

Be this as it may, the little rift of suspicion once started developed amazingly quickly, until mutual relations became impossible. Agatha, being miserable, was constitutionally unable to refrain from making Geoffrey equally miserable, and then he became doubly so because a constant succession of scenes entirely prevented him doing any good work. As a consequence, he took to finding relief outside his home. It was not that he ran after other women. In his then frame of mind he had come to the conclusion that a man who wanted to do good work should shun the opposite sex. Greater knowledge only came with greater misery.

One of the amazing things in quarrels of this nature is the manner in which trifles feed the flame of mistrust. Othello discovered this, and he has had many followers. Once you no longer see eye to eye, every little detail can be distorted into a damning evidence of misconduct, and before long matters reached a stage in which Agatha was never happy unless making herself miserable, if the paradox may be excused, by searching through her husband's papers and documents in the hope of finding proofs of his perfidy. As it is an axiom that you can always find what you set out to find, she had soon enough evidence to prove him a monster of iniquity, and having broken her own heart with this mythical material, she, woman-like, set to work to break his. She succeeded in making the pair of them unutterably miserable, and then Hamilton took the matter into his own hands and decided that something must be done.

There were no grounds for a divorce, so that most disastrous of all matrimonial arrangements, separation, was decided upon. I say most disastrous, because it leaves both parties fettered, yet free to form new attachments without the possibility of enjoying them legitimately. In this case neither party did form any new attachment. Strange as it may seem, at the back of all their bickerings they still cared for one another deeply, and Agatha never ceased to cry for the man who for fifteen years had been all in all to her, while, though Geoffrey found peace and a new energy for work, always, at the back of his mind, was a gnawing anxiety as to what was happening to the woman who once meant so much to him. If only a reconciliation were possible! It might have been if the estrangement had been founded on some big tangible sin or trouble, but when the tiny original rift has been widened by a thousand and one intangible nothings, strange as it may seem, the difficulties of bridging over are incomparably greater. These minute matrimonial troubles are hydra-headed, and however many heads you destroy, sufficient remain to poison the air of reconciliation.

This unsatisfactory state of affairs continued for some years. Agatha never got over the quarrel and separation. She never formed another attachment. To the last, in spite of all her recriminations, at heart she cared deeply for Geoffrey, though she could not see that it was anything but his fault that the marriage had ended so disastrously. It was just one of those tragedies where it is difficult to apportion blame, because neither party had gone straying after strange gods. *Au fond* they cared deeply for each other, but their case, though a sad and sorry tragedy, is not at all an isolated one. It was merely one of those dreary, uneventful muddles that do not get into the papers.

So matters drifted on until Agatha died—lonely, miserable, heart-broken—and her husband never really got over it, as the sequel shows.

That was Hamilton's first marriage, and you might have thought that he would not have been in a very great hurry to make another experiment, but, as a

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matter of fact, it was only a very short time before he was tied up once more, and how this came about was curious. The odd thing was that he had never loved his first wife so much as after he had lost her. The pathos of her lonely parting haunted him. The whole quarrel seemed so futile and meaningless. He reproached himself bitterly for his own conduct, and yet had she been living still he would have gone on behaving exactly as of old. Still, the mute reproaches of the dead have a paralysing effect on some sensitive natures, and Agatha from beyond the grave had an even more disturbing influence over her husband than she had had in her life.

The thought of marrying again had not occurred to him, but he was in that unstrung, nervous state when any clever woman with a knowledge of human weakness can upset a man's moral balance, and the woman who did this was Evelyn Richards. She was a widow, and a slight acquaintance of some years' standing, but not a woman with whom Hamilton had ever been on terms of the slightest intimacy. This is important. A chance meeting, though, one day afforded him some pleasure, for she was undeniably attractive, and the sequel to this meeting was an arrangement to go to a theatre the following evening. They went, and Hamilton found rest and forgetfulness. After the piece they adjourned to her flat for supper, and afterwards sat for an hour smoking and talking of purely ordinary things. Then, how it happened the man never quite knew, but suddenly the woman rose from where she was sitting, and, coming over to him as he stood by the fire preparatory to taking his leave, put her hands on his shoulders and kissed him. Before he quite knew what he was doing he had taken her in his arms and kissed her back.

"Are you angry with me for that?" she said. "I don't know what prompted me, but I felt that I must."

"No," said Hamilton; "I like you for it."

And thenceforward, though never a word of love had passed before between these two, they suddenly saw each other in an entirely new aspect. All barriers went by the board, and a marriage was speedily arranged. A marriage so strangely and suddenly brought about might have been expected to end disastrously, and so it did, but not quite in the way any ordinary person would have anticipated. To begin with, it was quite satisfactory and happy. Evelyn was affectionate and not exacting. She quite honestly cared for the man she had thrown over all her reserve to win. "Not a nice woman," you may say, but there are certain women—and who is to blame them?—who know that it is up to them to make the running. She had merely realised that any overtures must come from herself, and had taken measures accordingly, just as in one swift decision she had taken her measure of the man and felt that he would be good to her. What she did not and could not know was how deeply graven into his being was that first marriage. Agatha was the rock on which their short-lived happiness foundered, for, strangely enough, the more contented with his present lot Geoffrey Hamilton became, the more her reproaches from the grave stung into him. He became obsessed with the idea of her years of misery. He could never get away from the thought of her. He imaged her night and day. She walked his house, she sat between them at meals, and the more he tried to lay this ghost the stronger it grew. It strangled his new-born happiness, and in time his second wife came to realise that she had married a haunted man.

Just as in the first marriage trouble ensued through slight misunderstandings, so here difficulties began through imperceptible shadows. There was never a quarrel, never a word of disagreement. But for the dead Agatha, this couple would have been ideally happy. As it was, they drifted further and further apart, and the dead hand separated them. It was the unseen force that pushed them apart whenever they would be nearest, and the power of the unseen hand grew until Hamilton could stand it no more. This was the rock on which Hamilton's second marriage broke. You may say he was weak, and condemn him as you will, but only those who have felt the past rise up and hit them in the face with recurring virulence will understand the depth of the tragedy. There are certain things stronger than ourselves. To-day does not matter, to-morrow may be full of hope, but the seeds sown in the past will bring their crop to fruition, and the eating thereof is the thing that no man may escape.

So it came about that this couple parted, and Hamilton trod the same old weary round of leaving a woman not because he did not love her, but because he did. It is not an easy problem, this, but the greatest tragedies in life occur between those who love to much, not too little. It was after dinner one night that he nerved himself to the parting, and this time it was Evelyn who stood by the fire, looking into it with a vague wondering. Geoffrey came over to her, and, lifting her face in both his hands, kissed her very tenderly. There was silence for a moment, and then the woman spoke.

"I made a mistake," she said. "I thought that even if you did not care for me then, I could make you care—a little."

"I do care, and that's the trouble."

"Why? What else matters?"

"You know my story?"

"Yes"—she smiled rather mirthlessly—"and I thought that together we might write over the past—two pasts, for mine was not very happy, and honestly, quite honestly, I cared for you, or, believe me, I should not have acted as I did."

"I know," he said. "I honour you for it, and I love you for it. The pity is that through no fault of yours or of mine the whole sorry business has come to grief."

"I have felt it would for a long time."

"Do you know what a palimpsest is?"

"No."

"An old scroll on which a record has been written, a record that cannot be obliterated. Then later, when that record was no longer wanted, and when scrolls were valuable as human lives, the old writing was, so to speak, white-washed over, and a new story written; but underneath the old story remained, unobliterated, crying for a stroke of the sponge to bring it to light. That's the trouble with me. I love the new record, but the old writing insists."

The woman subsided into a chair by the fire, and began to cry quietly.

"I could kill myself," Geoffrey continued; "perhaps that's what I ought to have done, but all this is stronger

(Continued on page 34)

As He Sees Them—And They Him

"FUTURIST" MUSICIAN'S IDEA OF HIS AUDIENCE
(Casting musical pearls before unappreciative bacon, beef, etc)

THE AUDIENCE'S IDEA OF THE "FUTURIST" MUSICIAN
(Dancing about on the ear of the audience with hammers on his feet and pulling a roller with spikes over it)
BY SID TREEBY

(Continued from page 32)

than myself. I don't ask you to forgive me. I only ask you to be a little sorry."

"I'm sorry for you—I'm sorry for myself."

He bent over her and kissed her.

"Never believe that I don't love you, because I do. But we've got to part. I'm more grieved than I can tell you for you, but be a little sorry for me sometimes, when you think of me a wanderer—lonely—gripped by a dead hand and longing for human sympathy. That's my position. God pity us both!"

She got up and put her hands on his shoulders, just as she had done at the beginning.

"It's so queer," she said, "that it began like this, and now it has got to end the same way." There was a sob in her throat as she spoke. "But I do understand, dear. Don't think I don't understand. I do, because I love you—because of what I have been through."

"I wish I could set you free," he said.

"I don't want to be set free," she said bravely. "Some time—who knows?—my hold may strengthen, hers may loosen, but I can't keep you now. My strongest hold on you is letting you go; oh! I know *that*, though some women might not. Kiss me and tell me you don't think the worse of me for taking you as I did."

"I love you for it, though I've only made you unhappy."

"You haven't," she said through her tears; "but, oh, it's hard to let you go."

"It's hard to go."

"She should have a little pity."

"If ever she has, I shall come back to you; until then"—and he kissed her—"good-bye."

"There'll be no other——?" and she faltered.

"Good God!" he muttered. "How could there be?"

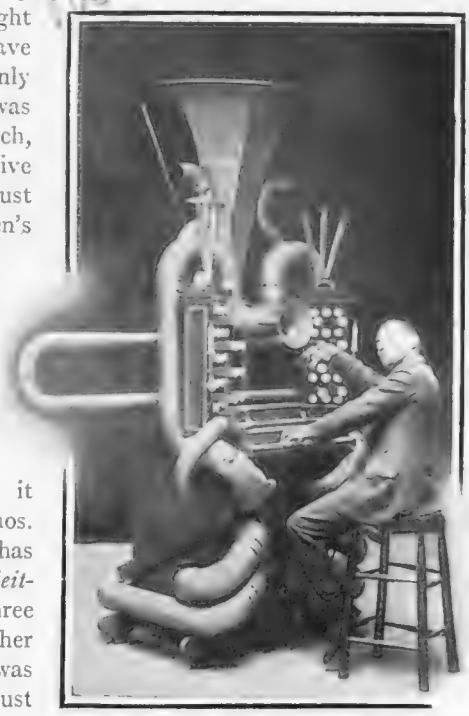
"I know—I know——"

And so they parted. And so ended Hamilton's second marriage. FREDERICK FENN

MATTERS MUSICAL

THE PÉLISSIER CONCERT: A JOKE THAT FAILED

IT was good that Mr. Pélissier had the idea of conducting a Queen's Hall Concert, including some of his own compositions. But he should have kept it before us only *as* an idea. It should have been prophesied as one of the many astounding things that might happen, but it never should have been allowed actuality. Certainly not in the form in which it was allowed it. One expected so much, and one got so little. To give selections of his own songs, just as they were, on the Queen's Hall orchestra, was a *bêtise*. They are quite nice little tunes, of course; but as such are out of place performed by a hundred odd musicians. Had Pélissier got them scored by a post-Straussian polyphonist, there would have been fun. As it was, there was only pathos. The "Siberia" tone poem has a good — an excellent — *leit-motiv*, but the use of three double pianos was neither musically appropriate nor was it humorous. It was just malapropos.



THE FOLLYPHONE

The new orchestral instrument introduced by Mr. Lewis Sydney to "assist" Mr. Pélissier's new tone poem. It has the conspicuous merit, when played, of being inaudible

The *pièce de résistance* of the concert, the "Peace Conference" Symphony, showed that Mr. Pélissier knows as much about international politics as the average man. Well and good! But to attempt to express the idea of Discord to ears which are beginning to regard Wagner, Strauss, Tschaikowsky, and Debussy as harmonious needs a positively nefarious technique. The jumbling together of the National Anthems gave us a few moments of chaos, but one hears as unpleasant a noise oftentimes during "tuning-up." Besides, Sir C. Villiers Stanford has already done an "Ode to Discord," and very well.

Mr. Pélissier's concert, in short, worried us because it was not funny. The joke of the Follyphone, the monstrous new instrument which wouldn't play when it was wanted to, suffered the same fate as the instrument. It fell flat. Queen's Hall is not the place for humour of that kind unless exceedingly well done, which this was not. Music is a big subject, and jokes about it need to be in proportion. It is only fair to ask, in conclusion, whether the inception of the idea was humorous at all? Is it just possible that Mr. Pélissier rather "fancies himself" as a composer, and that the concert was just a decorative border hastily designed as a setting for the picture? Is "Siberia" intended seriously? If so, we ought to be notified of the fact officially. There is no reason on earth why Mr. Pélissier, however amusing as an entertainer, should not compose seriously if he has impulses that way, and THE BYSTANDER will, if he is told that he is to do so, give the next Pélissier work his most serious critical attention. VIVACE

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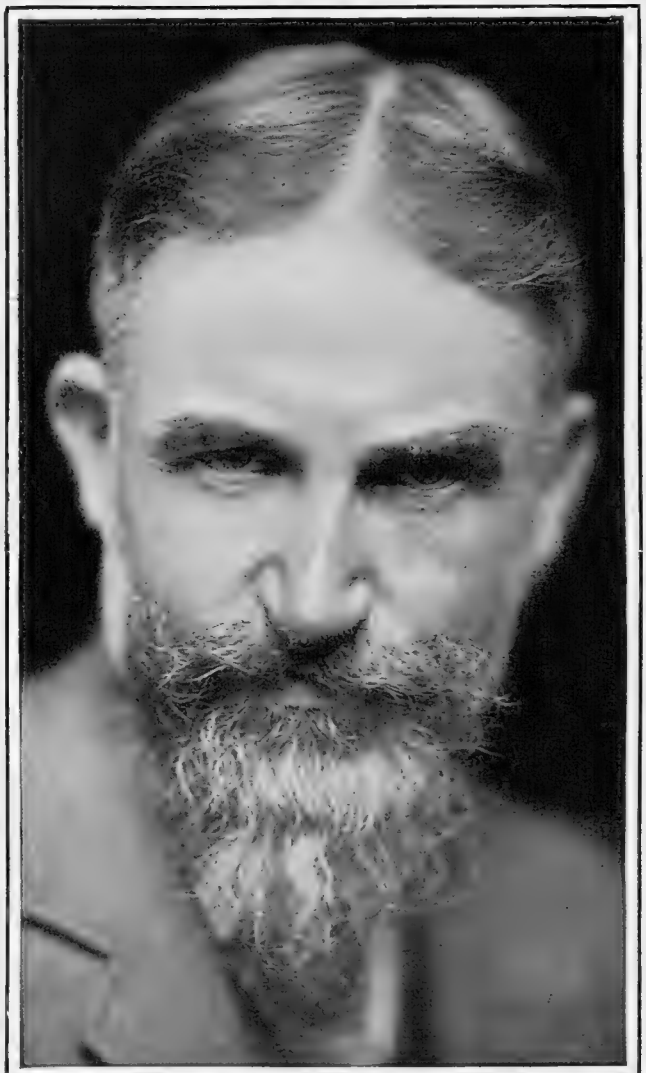

Writing in the *Christian Commonwealth* (July 3rd, 1912), he casually refers to Formamint as a thing universally known and used — which indeed it *is — for killing bacteria in the mouth, and so preventing the diseases they cause.* Mr. Shaw says—and we quote this "Shavian" utterance with all due apologies :—

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Mr. Well's "Marriage"

IF I cared to be old-fashioned, I should say that a new novel by Mr. H. G. Wells is an important literary event. And so it is, for he writes like no one else in the world, and you lay down a book of his in a state of mind which can only be described as bristling with enthusiastic thoughts on a multitude of subjects. Which always seems to me to be the correct effect for a novel to have. In *Marriage* (Macmillan: 6*s*.) you have an intensely interesting story, which should appeal alike to those who profess to see a truer art in the author's earlier and more romantic works and to those who admire his boldness in attacking just those rather difficult modern problems which very polite people prefer not to discuss, or, indeed, think about. For here is the plain story of two folks who got married, and were poor, and became rich, and were not altogether happy until they doffed all their worldly trappings and went to a lonely snow-girt land with wolves and unusual things of that sort to "have it out."

A Theory of Life

In one of his other books, *A Modern Utopia*—a book I still regard as the high-water mark of Wells's genius—there was put forth an idea which has always appealed to me. You remember how in that other world which was so like, yet so different from, our own, certain men who had been admitted into a high Order set aside from each year a short period for absolute solitude and high-thinking. And here, in the history of Marjorie Pope, who ran up huge bills, and of Professor Trafford, who gave up research work for business on account of those bills, you have a similar idea. Trafford and his wife are not happy, in spite of children and wealth, and, therefore, there must be a cleansing of their souls, and so away they go to Labrador and live primitive lives and find themselves face to face with God, and have the Great Talk, and return—with a theory of life which, let us hope, will last them to the day of their deaths.

The Characters

And for the story itself, that is all; but Mr. Wells is a novelist as well as a philosopher, and he portrays a number of likeable people in his own inimitable way. (Somehow you remember Wells's people at odd moments when the last thing you are thinking about is one of his books.) Marjorie's father, Mr. Pope, a retired carriage-builder, towers tyrannically over the family household. He is the sort of man who writes letters to the *Times* and has to be allowed to win at tennis. He deserves a book to himself, and as Mr. Wells brings into this story the hero of his last, I hope Mr. Pope will one day be the hero of another book. I am sure it would please him—Mr. Pope, I mean. Mr. Magnet, who makes jokes at an enormous profit to himself, is equally successful, and Aunt Plessington, with her Great Movement — how delicious H. G. W. can be over our modern Movements!—is typically Wellsian. And the protagonists are intensely human and real. Trafford and Marjorie are thinking people of to-day, and their marriage is probably not very different from a thousand other marriages daily reported in one or other of the newspapers. The earlier chapters show the author for the healthy humorist he can be; the later ones have a more serious side. The whole is artistic, and every one of its five hundred and fifty pages is literature. You cannot say that of many modern novels. And the dialogue is masterful, there is simply no other word for it. I recommend it to the study of young writers.

MRS. ALEC TWEEDIE

Whose volume of reminiscences, "Thirteen Years of a Busy Woman's Life" (John Lane: 16*s*. net), is reviewed on this page

Mrs. Alec Tweedie's Reminiscences

Few ladies have made more friends and acquaintances than Mrs. Alec Tweedie. Her travel books have found a large public. Charities know what splendid work she can do on their behalf. In the social world her presence is always warmly welcomed. Painters of European reputation have painted her head for the sheer pleasure of doing so, and I daresay that many people consider her to be one of the luckiest women in the world. But her position has been won by sheer hard work, as appears from her new book, *Thirteen Years of a Busy Woman's Life* (John Lane: 16*s*. net). Mrs. Tweedie is evidently not superstitious, for this is her thirteenth book, and marks the thirteenth year of hard work, work congenial enough, but necessitated by a loss of fortune. And it is just the kind of amiable, womanly book you might have expected. In her travels Mrs. Tweedie has met most people worth knowing, from Ibsen to Roosevelt, and there are intimate touches of all sorts of celebrities. Personally, I was most amused by the chapter devoted to her

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post-bag. Men and women have sought her advice and help on every conceivable matter, and I cannot resist quoting one letter from an anonymous correspondent which shows to what lengths people will go.

The Polite Letter-Writer

"Madam," it runs, "I have read your article on 'Beauty' in the *Daily Mail* of to-day's date, regarding your idea of tall, slight figures (which *you* describe as being leggy, lanky, etc.). I consider you a fool and an idiot, and certainly *low-bred*. You are evidently coarse and fat yourself, therefore you do not understand refined breed. Kindly insert this in your next article on 'Beauty.'—A Judge of Refinement." But Mrs. Tweedie survived even this, and such of her readers who do not know her by sight or acquaintance may estimate the value of the statement by glancing at one or other of the illustrations with which her book is sprinkled. Mrs. Tweedie's thirteenth book should find just as great a public as its predecessors, and for much the same reason.

"The Hussy"

Another novel banned! This time a first novel—*The Hussy* (Nash: 6*s*.), by James Lancaster. Well, there is no particular reason why it should be banned, and it has some good writing and only one serious blemish. The hussy herself is a lively and rather lovable village barmaid, who becomes friends with a would-be decadent painter; and in their friendship a puritanical schoolmaster and others see clear cause for scandal. The girl has always wanted to go to London, and seizes the opportunity provided by maternal accusations to go. And as a London barmaid she is—seduced. After her misfortune, there is nothing for her to do but to return home, where her child is born, and where the would-be decadent painter is thought to be its father. The *dénouement* is skilful, and the whole book is clever. I don't believe in Mr. Lancaster's painter until the last chapter, but his other people are worth meeting, and, perhaps, his second novel will escape condemnation at the hands of the libraries.

An American Jules Verne

I am one of those voracious readers who like nothing so much as a good quasi-scientific yarn on the lines of the late and much-lamented Jules Verne. Mr. Wells himself did much to carry on the tradition, but of late years it seems as though the Americans have taken command of this particular field. *The Second Deluge* (Grant Richards: 6*s*.), by G. P. Serviss, tells of a second flood brought about by the watery nebula of a wandering comet. A genius called Cosmo Versál builds an ark on modern lines, and saves a thousand people. His previous warnings are unheeded save by a French engineer, who builds a submarine, and, incidentally, saves the King of England, and by an American scientist who performs a similar service for the President. The waters rise to a height of six miles, but so does a part of the American Continent, so that about three million people in all are saved, and the King of England ends his life—how deliciously American this is!—as the President's Secretary of State.

RALPH STRAUS

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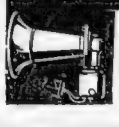

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The PLACE and Its PASTIMES

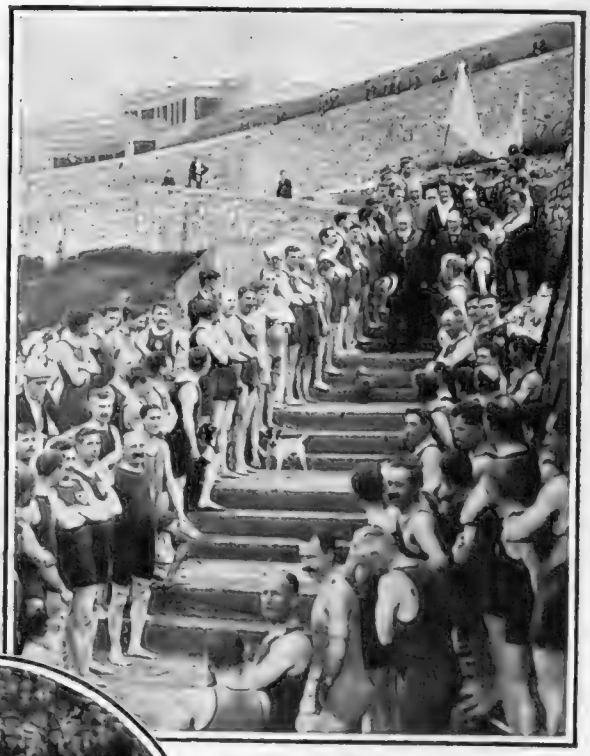
No. 13
PLYMOUTH

By Leonard Willoughby and T. J. Allen

AS in a good many other towns, football is by far the strongest feature in Plymouth. Among the clubs are two Rugger teams, including Devon Albion, which play all the chief teams in the county and Wales. Last year Devon won the Rugby Championship of England, the majority of the players being drawn from the Albion. There is also a town club which turns out an excellent fifteen; and there is a professional Soccer team, which competes in the Southern League.

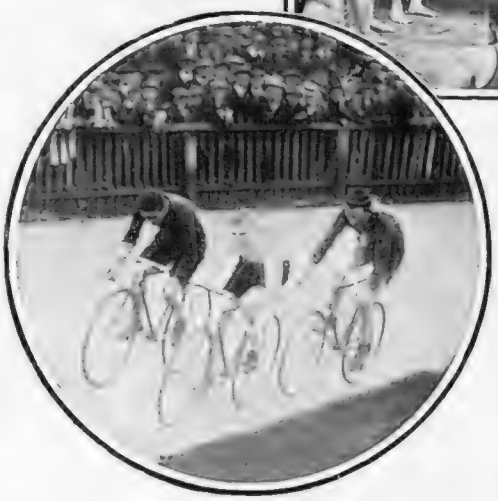
Cricket is chiefly played at Mount Wise, Devonport, on War Office ground, but these matches are confined to Service teams only. There is, strangely enough, no town team, chiefly owing to there being no ground. The Mount Wise ground is an excellent one, and, in fact, one of the finest in the county. Lawn tennis, however, is very popular, and there are a number of clubs, the principal two being the Tor View and Mannamead. There are also clubs at Devonport, all of which have good grounds and are well supported, and hold open tournaments.

The town is handicapped in not having a golf course nearer than Mount Batten, which belongs to the Service, one at Yelverton, nine miles distant, and one at Tavistock, fifteen miles. These, however, are all good grounds, especially the latter. Polo is chiefly confined to the Services, who play at Roborough, four miles out. It is a very fine ground, full-boarded, with good turf. Here, also, gymkhanas are held, which are always popular. Perhaps, however, Plymouth's historic pastime is more



A UNIQUE GUARD OF HONOUR

Swimming in Plymouth is confined to the sea, the bathing-place being under the Hoe. The above photograph shows the Mayor on his way to open a new diving-board at Shallsey Pool



CYCLING AT HOME PARK

The five-mile championship in progress

GOLF ON THE YELVERTON COURSE

Taylor is playing. These links are about nine miles from the town. The other courses in the neighbourhood of Plymouth are the Mount Batten and the one at Tavistock

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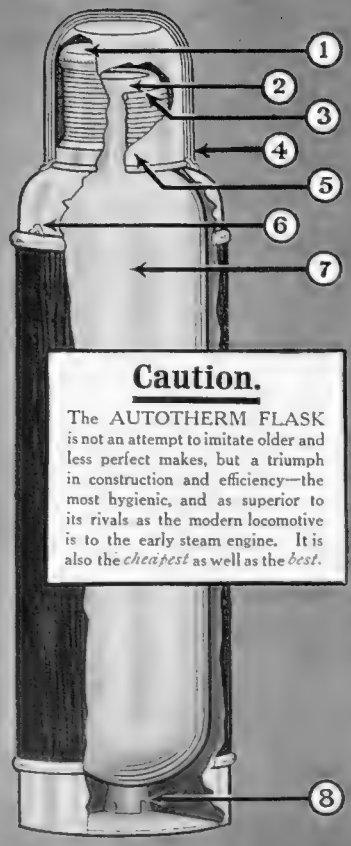

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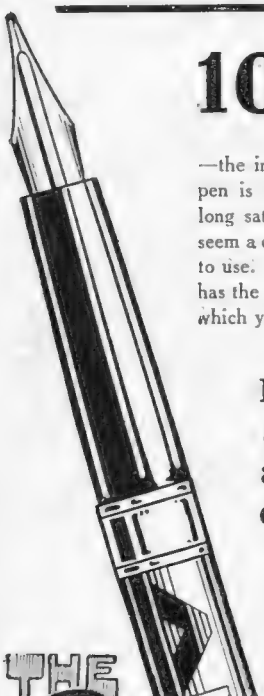

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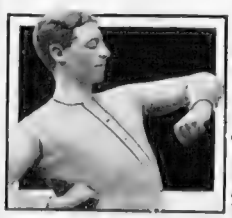

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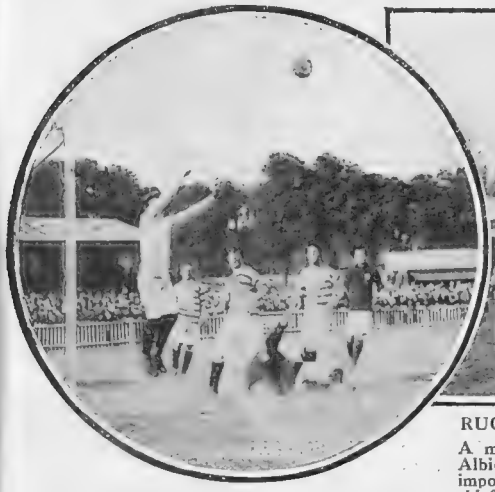


ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL AT HOME PARK

Sherwood Foresters v. Cattidown. The game is played at Home Park

RUGGER AT THE RECTORY

A match between Plymouth and Albion. Football is by far the most important sport in Plymouth. The chief team is the Devon Albion, which, last year, carried off the Rugby Championship of England. There are also a town club and the professional Soccer team

A CRICKET MATCH

In progress on War Office ground at Mount Wise, Devonport. The game is chiefly played by Service men, there being no town team in existence

STEEPLECHASING

The Three Towns Hurdle Race

particularly bowls; in fact, it may be called "the home of bowls." There are some eight clubs, one of the best greens being that of the Hoe, close to the identical spot where Drake played when the Armada was sighted. The Plymouth (Sir Francis Drake) is the chief club, which plays on the Hoe and its own ground at Ford Park.

DRAKE'S GAME AT PLYMOUTH

Bowls, naturally, is one of the most favoured games among the inhabitants. Our photograph shows a match in progress between the Sir Francis Drake's team and Ford Park

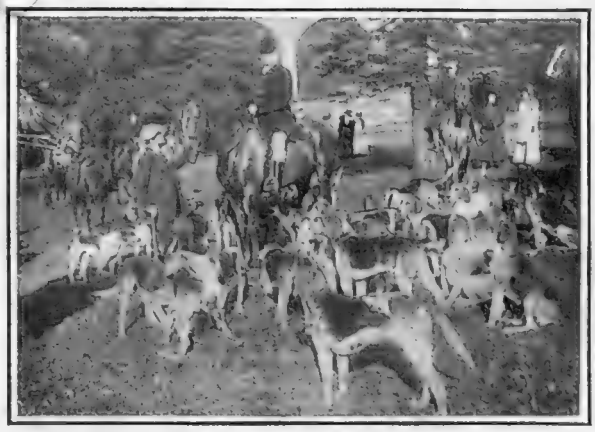
PLYMOUTH POLO

On the Roborough ground, four miles from the town. This game is also more or less confined to Service men

Next to the R.Y.S., the Royal Western Y.C. is the chief in the West of England, and its regatta is one of the leading events in the yachting world. It is an ideal yachting centre, with safe anchorage, and the various clubs, R.S.D.C., the Plymouth Royal Corinthian, and Minerva, provide weekly matches for their members. Interest in swimming runs very strong, and is entirely

confined to the sea, the bathing-place being under the Hoe. There are several clubs, and two of these hold annual galas. The cycling interest is, perhaps, not so strong as it used to be, although there are a couple of very good meetings a year at Home Park. The clubs are small, and most of the work is confined to club runs and social gatherings.

Archery is played at Marraden, on the property of Captain Parlby, the President of the Devon and County Association. The Society was formed in 1846, and it has been the custom to elect annually a Lady Paramount, who presides at all meetings. There are about fifty members, who compete for a silver bowl, a gold locket given some years ago by Prince Adalbert, and other prizes. The archery house and grounds are in a beautifully wooded and sheltered district, which forms an ideal situation for archery. There are foxhounds, harriers, and otter hounds all handy for Plymouth, and with these a good contingent of Service men turn out for a hunt over this beautifully wild hilly country, through which the London and South Western Railway winds its way. The scenery of this splendid route is by far the most delightful, for the widely stretching moors and the magnificent views are well worth a journey to see and revel in.



A MEET OF THE DARTMOOR FOXHOUNDS

The Hunt has been in existence since 1827, and is well supported by Service men. William Coryton, Esq., has been Master since 1889

In concluding the series of articles on "The Place and Its Pastimes," it has been refreshing to find how deeply interested in all sports and games the British race undoubtedly is. It is also gratifying to find how alive the local civic authorities have become to the importance of encouraging, in every possible way, those healthy and manly recreations which must tend to the developing of the minds as well as the bodies of the rising generation in the right way. That their efforts in this direction are having a widely felt beneficial effect is to be seen everywhere, and no public money can possibly be better expended than in promoting those pastimes which must help to develop the physique of the youth of the land. It is, indeed, a wise investment of money, which must yield a thousandfold return as the years roll on, and Corporations are to be congratulated on their wise discernment.

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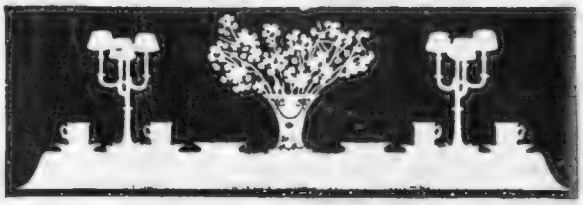

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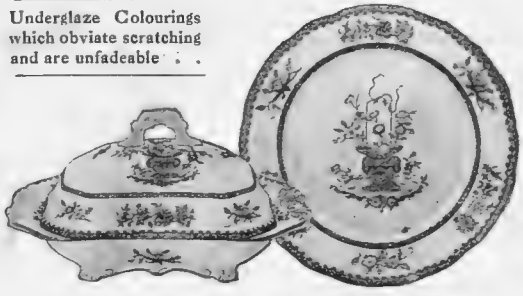

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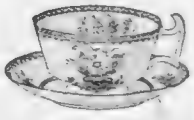
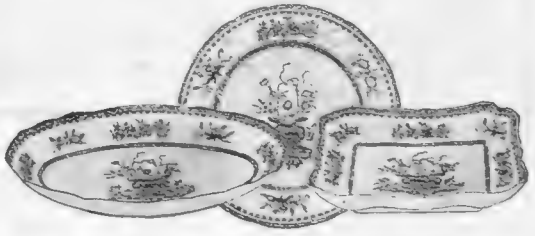


China Tea Cups and Saucers.



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PRICES:

Dinner Service:				Tea & Breakfast Services—China			
52 Pieces (Earthenware)	£3	10	6	40 Pieces, Tea Service	£2	16	6
67 „ „	£5	2	0	29 „ Breakfast „	£2	17	6
100 „ „	£8	5	0	51 „ „ „	£5	8	6
18 „ Dessert „	£1	4	6	Coffee Cups & Saucers, doz.	£1	6	9

Any pieces sold separately.

Note.—The Tea and Breakfast Services, and Coffee Cups and Saucers are **CHINA**, with best burnished gilt edges, and the handles of all Dinner Service covered pieces are traced in best burnished gilt.

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RICHARD BURBIDGE, Managing Director.

RACING: Coming Handicaps. By CARBINE

Prospects in General

The air is clear so far as Balscadden and his chance of winning the Cesarewitch are concerned. After his race at Newbury, which I thought he won with some amount of comfort, we must totally ignore his ghastly performance at Doncaster. At the time of writing Balscadden is quoted at 7 to 1 for the big long-distance race a fortnight hence, and, in my opinion, the price is not ungenerous. A point you have to bear in mind is that a winner of the Newbury Cup would, in the ordinary way, put up 10lb. extra in the Cesarewitch, but Balscadden has avoided any further penalty. Of the others I have most fancy for Irish Marine, Tootles, and Equitable. Tara was disappointing at Windsor, so when the time comes to make a final selection I shall probably choose between the four just mentioned. Regarding the Cambridgeshire, Jaeger makes the strongest appeal to me among the candidates who have run since the weights were published, but it will be time enough to venture on a definite selection for this race after the Duke of York Stakes at Kempton Park has been run on Saturday of next week. The best things for the latter event appear at the moment to be Bachelor's Hope, Lady Eileen, and Daly's.

Stedfast's Advantage

I do not think we can reasonably expect a great race for the valuable Jockey Club Stakes on Thursday, for while the two best horses in training will probably run for it, it is impossible to imagine Prince Palatine successfully conceding 13lb. to Stedfast, as there was practically nothing between them in the Eclipse Stakes. Those connected with the former horse may have been encouraged a little while back by the accident to Lord Derby's colt, but I learn that the big horse has got over that trouble all right. No doubt odds will be laid on **Stedfast**, but it seems useless to look beyond him for the winner.

Selections for Newmarket

Many of the minor races at Newmarket this week are very interesting, and the form will be watched carefully in view of their possible bearing on the big handicaps to come. For example, the October Handicap on Wednesday contains a number of Cesarewitch candidates, and the winner will not have to carry any penalty in the later race. I think **Equitable**, a good-class filly, who stays remarkably well, will prove successful. On the same afternoon the Great Eastern Handicap affords another entertaining problem, as there will be quite a Stewards' Cup field. I am divided between **Cigar** and **Castleton**, and it may pay to back them both each way. On the following day the Thursday Nursery may be won by **Cherokee Rose**, and the Triennial Stakes may go to **Canzone**. There will be a public Cambridgeshire trial in the Handicap on the last afternoon of the meeting, which **Aprille** may win, and the Rous Memorial Stakes should fall to **Day Comet**. At Lingfield at the end of the week I select **Daly's** to win the Pheasant Handicap and **Menedarva** the October Nursery.

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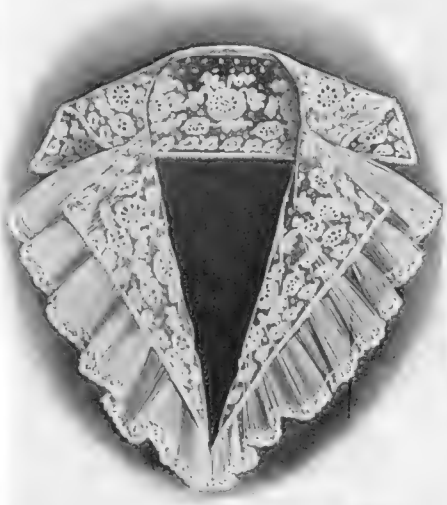

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GOLF

Photograph *Sport and General*

COUNTY GOLF AT HANDSWORTH

A group of competitors in the contest under handicap for the Yorkshire Ladies' Challenge Bowl

The American Amateur Championship

THE Americans have taken ample revenge for the defeat which Mr. Hilton inflicted on them last year. Judging by the reports which have reached us, the Amateur Championship of the United States was played at Wheaton, Illinois, during an extra-tropical heat-wave. But I had small hopes of the success of either Mr. Hilton or Mr. Hunter in any weather, for neither of them was playing in his best form in our own Championship. Whatever the cause, Mr. Hilton did not seem on happy terms with the game this year. In Mr. Hunter's case, the unfortunate accident which happened to him just previous to the Westward Ho meeting must have considerably shaken him, and may have had something to do with his breakdown at Wheaton when he was left as our sole surviving representative. Mr. Travers, who was in the final against Mr. Evans, must have recovered his early form, which he was unable properly to show us at Muirfield in 1909. The outstanding mark of the American competition was the extreme youth of most of the prominent competitors. It augurs well for the future of American golf, and is a warning to us that we must get our younger exponents forward, for we cannot expect our old champions to keep the flag flying much longer.

The Irish Open Championship

have been delighted see that my faith in r. Gordon Lockhart as ne most promising of the young Scottish school has been so amply justified by his performance at Newcastle, co. Down. In the final he beat Mr. Jenkins, a younger brother of the well-known Troon player, in most convincing fashion. But the main point of his victory was that it was won in a field very much resembling in quality that of an amateur championship. Mr. Ball, the present champion, was there to represent England, while Ireland had that doughty warrior, Mr. Munn, to uphold her honour. Mr. Ball was put out in an early heat by Mr. Grant, an American player, now quartered at Mid-Surrey, while Mr. Lockhart disposed of Mr. Munn in the semi-final after a tough struggle.

The Jubilee Vase at St. Andrews

I have just space to congratulate Mr. F. Roosevelt Scovel on his fine performance in winning the Jubilee Vase at St. Andrews from the scratch mark. He has thus taken emphatic occasion to prove that he has not joined the departed who play on the Elysian fields among the shades, as readers of the list of subscribers in "The Royal and Ancient Game of Golf" might unhappily have supposed. ERNEST LEHMANN

Rabbits: Trapping versus Shooting

Pity for Poor "Bunny"

I am rejoiced to find that the Duchess of Portland, President of the Ladies' Education Committee R.S.P.C.A., has issued an appeal against the suffering caused to rabbits by the use of steel traps. That they are the means of the most hideous suffering to these poor animals is but too obvious to anyone who has witnessed or heard the screams of a captured rabbit in one of these horrible toothed gins. Surely ways and means of capturing and killing rabbits can be devised which will be just as efficacious as gin traps, and at the same time be humane. Though Parliament has recognised the fact that suffering is caused by the use of steel traps, yet all that legislation has done so far towards mitigating the evil is to pass an Act that any person who sets, or causes or procures to be set, a steel trap must either inspect it himself or appoint some competent person to do so at reasonable intervals of time, and at least once a day between sunrise and sunset. Failing doing this he is liable, upon conviction, to a fine not exceeding five pounds.

Futile Legislation

Of what avail is this? A rabbit, for instance, caught at sunrise and released from its agonies at sunset has endured, perhaps, nearly twelve hours of torture. Who, moreover, is going to trouble to find out whether these traps are visited, and even if someone does do so in the hope of catching an evader of the law, is he, when he finds a rabbit caught in a trap, going to sit down and watch its misery in cold blood in order to see if the keeper or owner turns up within the prescribed hours? I would see these traps made illegal altogether, as pole traps for hawks have been made, and I would punish, by a very heavy fine for the first offence, and hard labour for the second, anyone found using one. Some people contend that trapped rabbits fetch a better price than shot ones. This may be so; at the same time, it need not prevent rabbits being caught in a merciful manner.

What is Needed

Of this I am quite convinced that once Parliament passes an Act which will make the use of steel gins illegal, we shall soon find a merciful trap forthcoming which will be just as efficacious as the old gin. All lovers of animals, and all who have instincts of mercy and humanitarianism in their composition, must desire warmly to support the R.S.P.C.A. in anything they can do towards putting a stop to this old and revolting method of catching rabbits, and if the Duchess of Portland succeeds in doing this, she will add one more to the already many thoughtful acts of kindness to dumb creatures for which her name is beloved by those who abhor all cruelty to animals. LEONARD WILLOUGHBY

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The Editor's Box

Royal Artillery Theatre, Woolwich

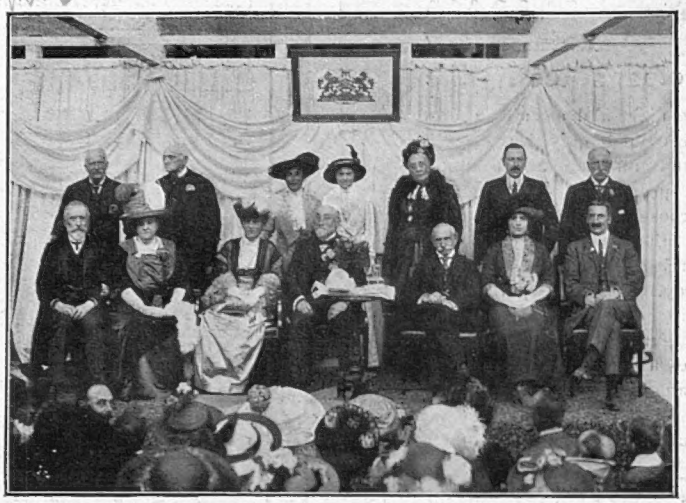
Bunty Pulls the String, the delightful Scottish play which is proving such a phenomenal success at the Haymarket, is here this week.

Kingsway Theatre

Miss Phyllis Relph has now resumed the part of Margaret Knox in *Fanny's First Play*, which is being given at the Kingsway Theatre every Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday at 2.30.

A Tailoring Innovation

A new note in tailoring has been struck by the old-established Ludgate Hill house of Samuel Brothers, Ltd., in the production of their "Tailoready" suits, raincoats, and overcoats. The novel feature of "Tailoready" is that a gentleman can see garments made up in the season's fashionable fabrics and in sixteen different sizes, one of which is almost bound to fit him perfectly. On the other hand, he can, after seeing the suit, have one made specially for him, if he elects to do so, from the identical pattern he has just seen. It is simply a question of five minutes or five days.



SEATED *(left to right)*: Sir Cecil Hertslet, Lady Apperly, the Duchess of Beaufort, Sir Alfred Apperly, J.P., F. A. Hyett, Esq., J.P., Lady Wellesley, Charles A. Apperly, Esq., J.P. STANDING: Colchester Wemyss, Esq., J.P., Walter J. Stanton, Esq., J.P., Mrs. C. P. Allen, Miss Allen, Miss Stanton, F. Hilary Jones, Esq., and G. W. Godsell, Esq., J.P.

A Distinguished Company who were Present at the Interesting Opening Ceremony of the Installation of Electric Driving in the Cloth Mills belonging to the well-known firm of Apperly, Curtis and Co., Stroud

Sale of Pianos

Messrs. Harrods, Ltd., of Brompton Road, S.W., are this week holding an important sale of pianos and organs. The pianos offered in this sale mainly comprise those returned from hire, after being out for a season in good private houses, and Harrods' usual guarantee will be given with every instrument. The reductions in price are very great—a Steinway Grand being reduced from 140gns. to 79gns., to take only one example. It is a sale not to be missed

Filters for Egypt

We hear that the Berkefeld Filter Company, Ltd., of 121, Oxford Street, London, W., have received a large order for filters for the Egyptian State Railways. This, we need only say, is further proof of the efficiency of these well-known filters.

The Menu: Different Ways of Treating Apples

Apple Gateau

Boil 1lb. of loaf sugar in half a pint of water until it becomes a thick syrup. Peel, core, and quarter 2lb. of apples and cook them in the syrup with the rind of a half and the juice of a whole lemon. Meanwhile, soak ½oz. of gelatine in a teacupful of water, add to it the apple pulp, stir well over the fire till dissolved. Put all through a sieve, and then into a ring mould which has been soaked in cold water; when cold, turn out, stick with almonds, and fill the centre with whipped cream and squares of red currant jelly.

Apple Amber Pudding

Slice six large apples, put them in a stewpan with 3oz. of moist sugar and 2oz. of butter, add the juice and thin peel of a lemon. Let all stew three-quarters of an hour, till quite tender. Rub the apples through a sieve into a basin, stir in the yolks of three eggs. Line a pie-dish with paste, pour in the mixture and bake in the oven twenty minutes. When it is a light brown spread over the top the white of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth with 2oz. of castor sugar. Put back in the oven and bake a few minutes.

Apple Soufflé

Melt 2oz. of butter in a stewpan, stir in 4oz. of cornflour, mix well, then add one pint of milk, stir well till it boils; remove it from the fire, stir in 4oz. of apple pulp and the yolks of four well-beaten eggs. Add the whites beaten stiff; stir lightly till well mixed. Butter a mould, and fill to within an inch of the top with the mixture. Place the mould in a stewpan of hot water, with a piece of paper at the bottom to prevent it slipping, and put in the oven, not too hot, and bake three-quarters of an hour. Turn it out and pour a sauce round. The apples must be stewed with sugar and rubbed through a sieve.

French Apple Tart

Have ready a round, shallow tin, well greased, and line it with short pastry, pressing it well into the tin, wetting it where the edge is put on, and nick the top of the little wall of pastry to make a nice-looking edge. Fill up the centre with a bunch of cookery paper, well oiled, so that the wall shall be kept in place while baking. Bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes.

Short Paste

Half a pound of flour, 2oz. of lard, and 2oz. of butter (if a richer paste is wanted, use 6oz. of fat). Rub the fat into the flour, keeping the fingers cool. Mix with cold water to a stiffish paste; if liked, add the beaten yolk of an egg, mixing it with milk, and use this to wet the flour instead of water.

To Prepare the Apple

Take 3lb. of apples, peel and core, and leave 1lb. ready to slice. Stew the 2lb. in enough water to cover with one tablespoonful of sugar and the peel of half a lemon cut thin. When soft, strain off on to a sieve; strain off the syrup and place it in the pan again. Half a pint of this juice will be required; if there is not enough, add some water. When you have made up half a pint add 6oz. of sugar and the juice of half a lemon, a pinch of ground ginger, and four cloves. Cook gently for half an hour, then place the neatly sliced apples in the hot syrup, and cook until soft. Meanwhile, rub the drained apple-pulp through a sieve, mix in a little apricot jam, and almost fill the pastry case with it. Then arrange the sliced apple in a neat circle, and pour the syrup over. Tarts of all kinds, plums, greengages, apricots, may be prepared thus, and make a nice change from the ordinary English fruit tart.

Apple Beignets

Peel some even-sized apples, cut them into quarter of an inch slices. Stamp out the core portion of each with a cutter. Dip the slices in a fairly stiff frying batter, and fry in hot fat to a golden colour. Take up, drain well, dredge with castor sugar mixed with a little ground cinnamon or vanilla. Dish up and serve very hot. EMILIA